

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

Countless millions of miles from Earth is the galaxy of Yarna, and in that galaxy is the planet Elekton. And the greatest force on Elekton is *The Trigan Empire*.

The twin suns of Elekton were dipping towards the horizon, as a craft of the Trigan air fleet streaked high over the ocean on what was a routine patrol.

Surface craft ahead!

It's stopped in the water ... and I see no sign of life on the decks!

Crewing the atmosphere craft were three staunch friends and comrades ... Janno, Keren and Roffa ...

It's a Trigan navy ship ... that's strange ... very strange!

What's the matter, Roffa?

Janno brought the craft down to water level, and they skimmed low over the ship's deserted decks.

Why would one of our ships be wallowing here, right in the middle of the ocean?

We'll soon find out ... stand by to go alongside!

The atmosphere craft splashed down alongside the ship, and Roffa clambered on to the deck.

Hey! ... Is anyone aboard?

There was no answer to his cry

I don't like the look of it ... stay here ... I'm going to make a search!

Right! Fire a shot if you run into any trouble!

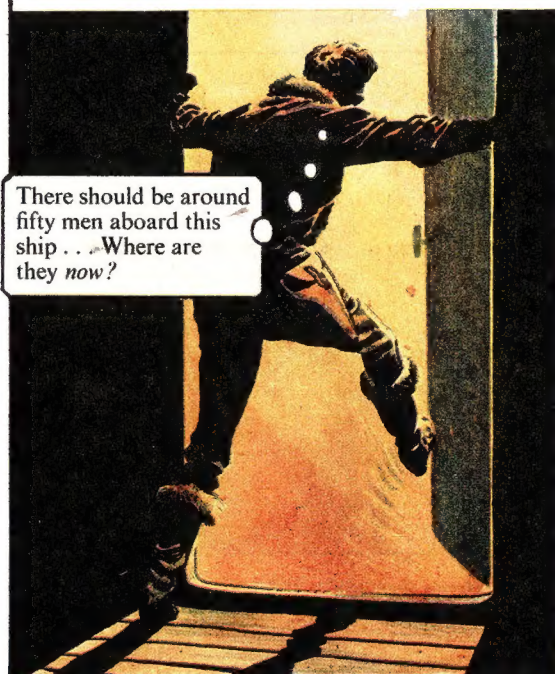
Roffa disappeared from their sight round the side of the superstructure . . . a long time went by . . . and presently . . .



I'm going after him!

Take care, Janno . . . there's something sinister going on here . . . I can sense it!

Janno was also aware of a strange atmosphere of evil aboard the silent ship. Pistol in hand, he kicked open a door and entered the crews' compartment . . .



There should be around fifty men aboard this ship . . . Where are they now?

In the control department, he found the ship's log . . . with the Captain's report written there . . .



It says . . . "Have sighted a strange shape in the water ahead, and am going to investigate. It may be a . . ." and then it breaks off abruptly!

Suddenly! . . .



What was that?

A shout for help!

Almost for the first time in his life, Janno knew the meaning of blind panic . . . as he stood there on the deck of that ill-fated ship, in the light of the dying suns . . .

Janno rushed out on deck . . . and came to a sudden, startled halt!

Keren! . . . Oh, no!



The atmosphere craft was . . . empty!

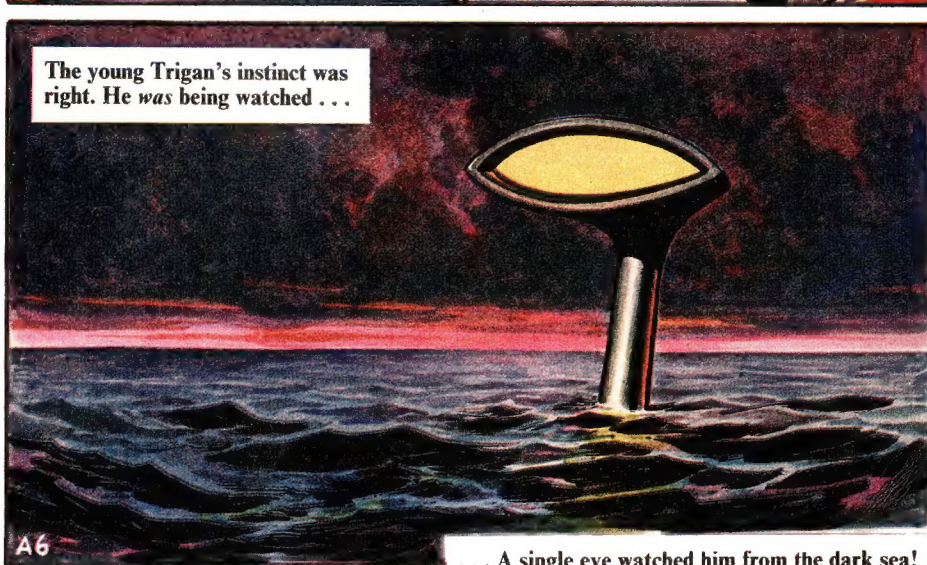


Keren! . . . Keren, where are you?



What's going on here? . . . Answer me! . . . I know you're watching me . . . Show yourself!

The young Trigan's instinct was right. He was being watched . . .



A6

. . . A single eye watched him from the dark sea!

NEXT WEEK: THE SINISTER SUBMARINE

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

While patrolling over the ocean in an atmosphere craft, Janno, Keren and Roffa sight a ship of the Trigan Navy which appears to have been abandoned by its crew. They descend to investigate, and soon Janno finds himself alone on the ship . . .



Suddenly, Janno turned to see a whip-like thing lashing towards him from out of the dark sea!

By the stars! . . .

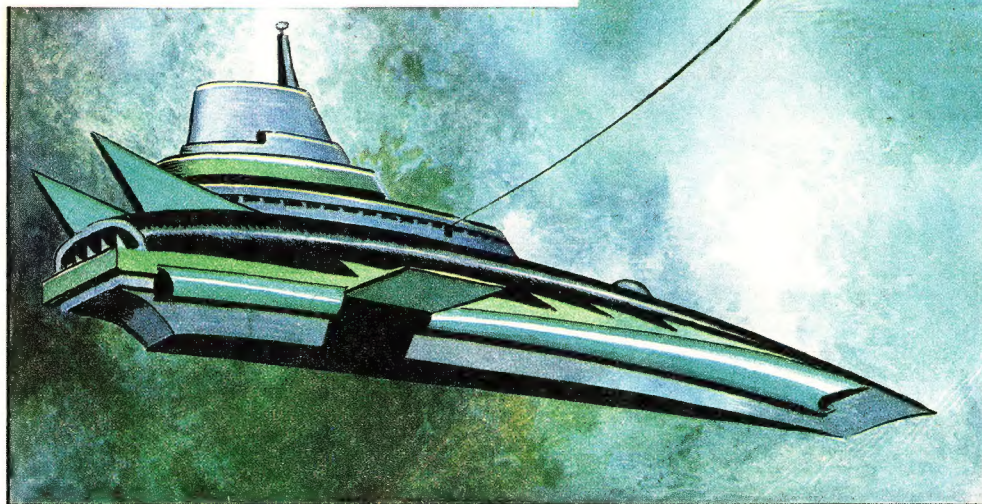


He was seized in a merciless grip . . .



. . . and dragged headlong into the chill waters of the ocean!

Deeper and deeper, with the blood pounding in his head . . . and just before unconsciousness overwhelmed him, he saw a strange shape in the depths!



After what seemed an eternity, the young Trigan opened his eyes. A group of figures loomed over him, and all around was the hum of powerful engines.

He is the last man from the atmosphere craft, captain.

Good! . . . Put him in with the others!



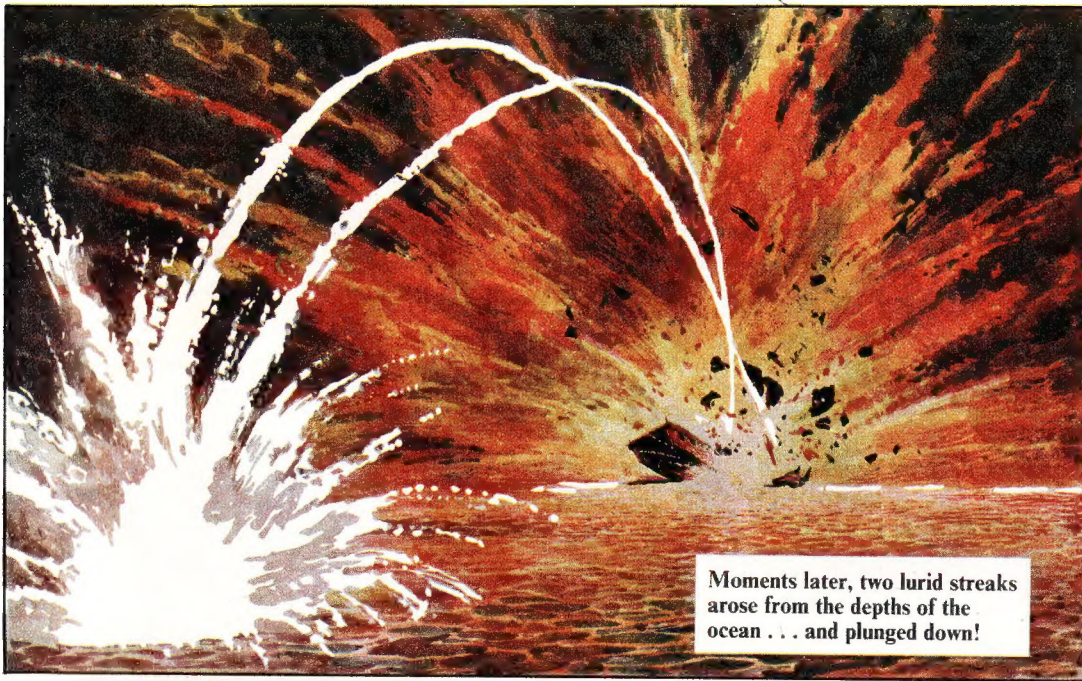
Janno was dragged roughly to his feet.

Set course for the island!



What of the ship and the atmosphere craft, captain?

Eliminate them!



Moments later, two lurid streaks arose from the depths of the ocean . . . and plunged down!

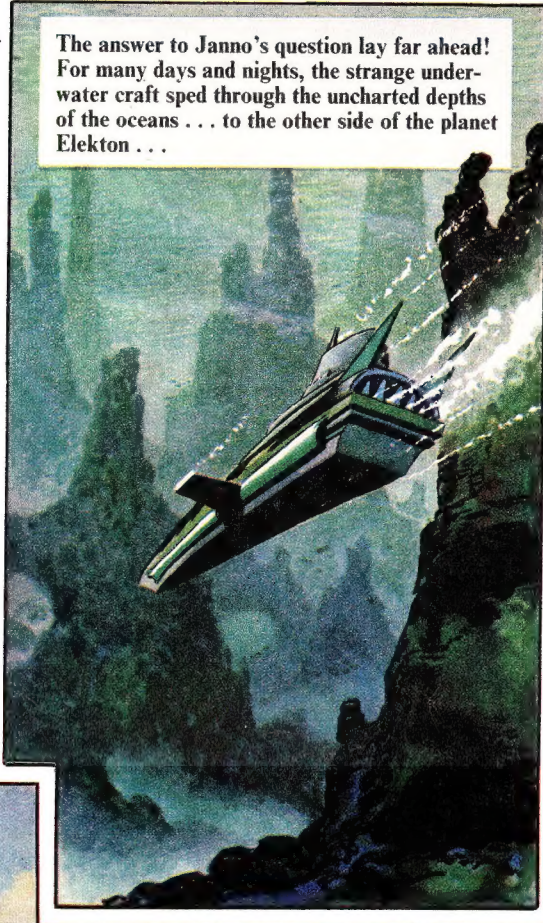
The captain of the Trigan ship was able to explain the mystery of his abandoned vessel . . .

We sighted the shape of the underwater craft ahead, and I turned to approach it . . . Next, a cloud of gas descended upon us . . . I remember choking for breath . . . and then oblivion!



But . . . why have we been captured? . . . and where are they taking us?

The answer to Janno's question lay far ahead! For many days and nights, the strange underwater craft sped through the uncharted depths of the oceans . . . to the other side of the planet Elekton . . .

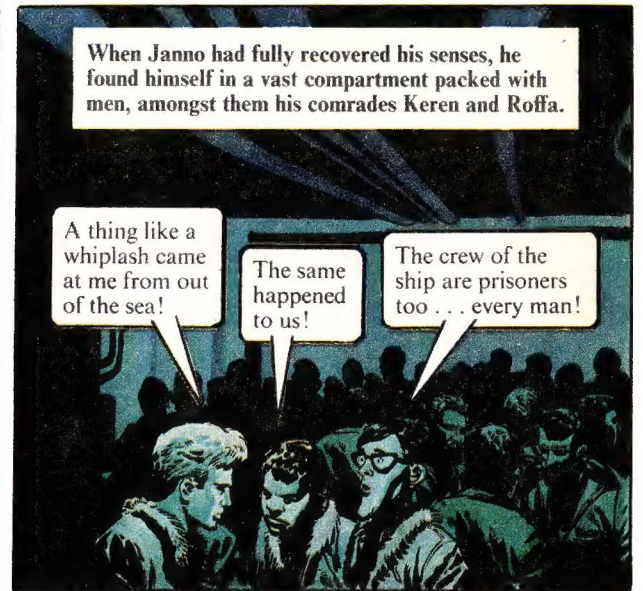


When Janno had fully recovered his senses, he found himself in a vast compartment packed with men, amongst them his comrades Keren and Roffa.

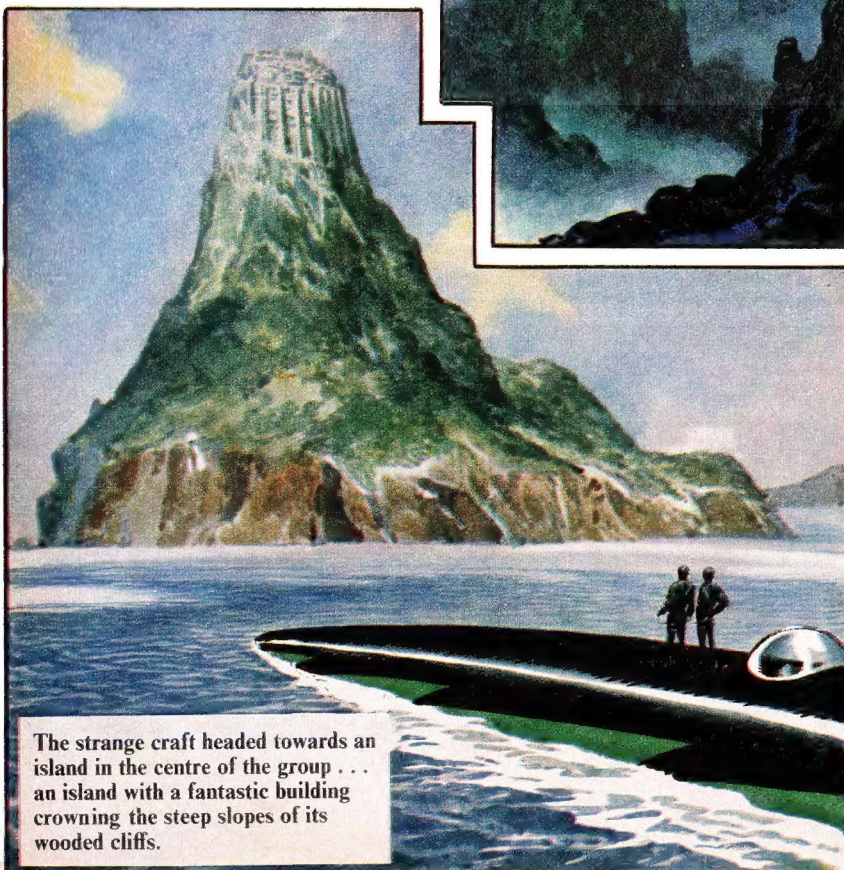
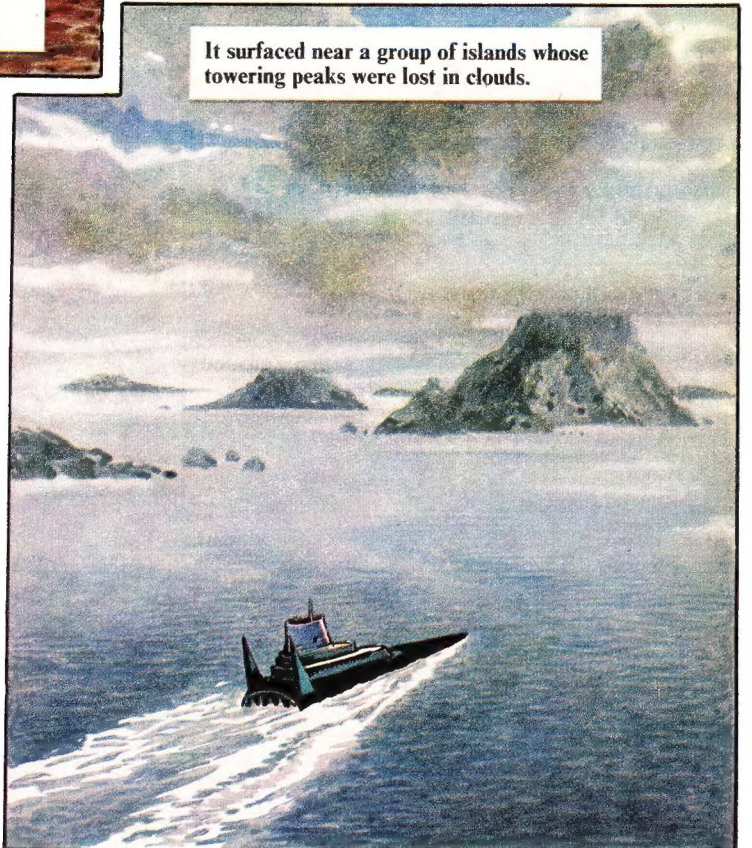
A thing like a whiplash came at me from out of the sea!

The same happened to us!

The crew of the ship are prisoners too . . . every man!



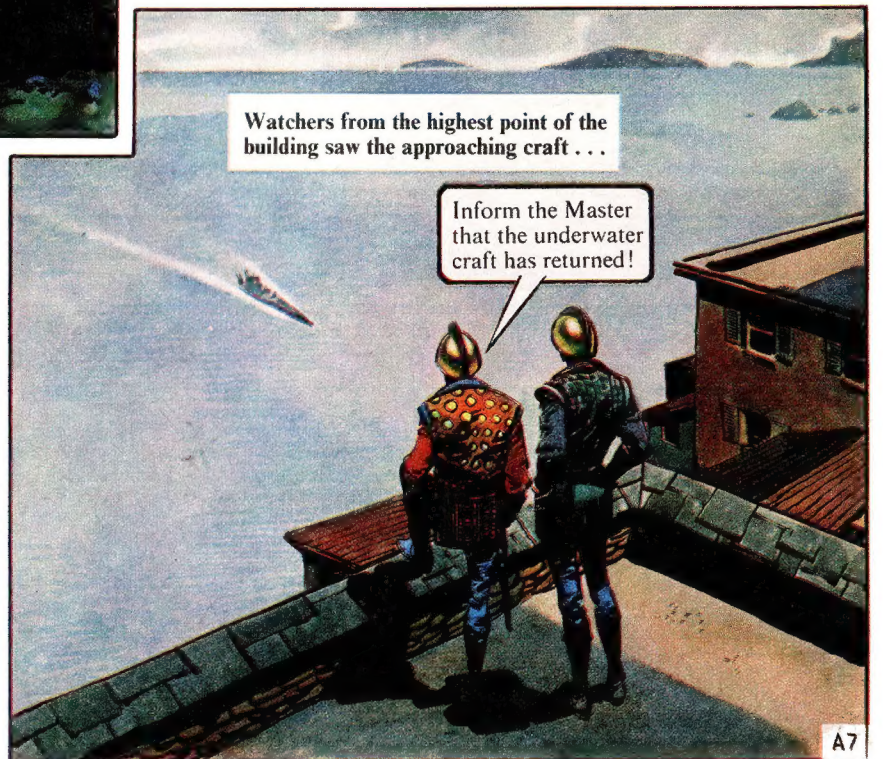
It surfaced near a group of islands whose towering peaks were lost in clouds.



The strange craft headed towards an island in the centre of the group . . . an island with a fantastic building crowning the steep slopes of its wooded cliffs.

Watchers from the highest point of the building saw the approaching craft . . .

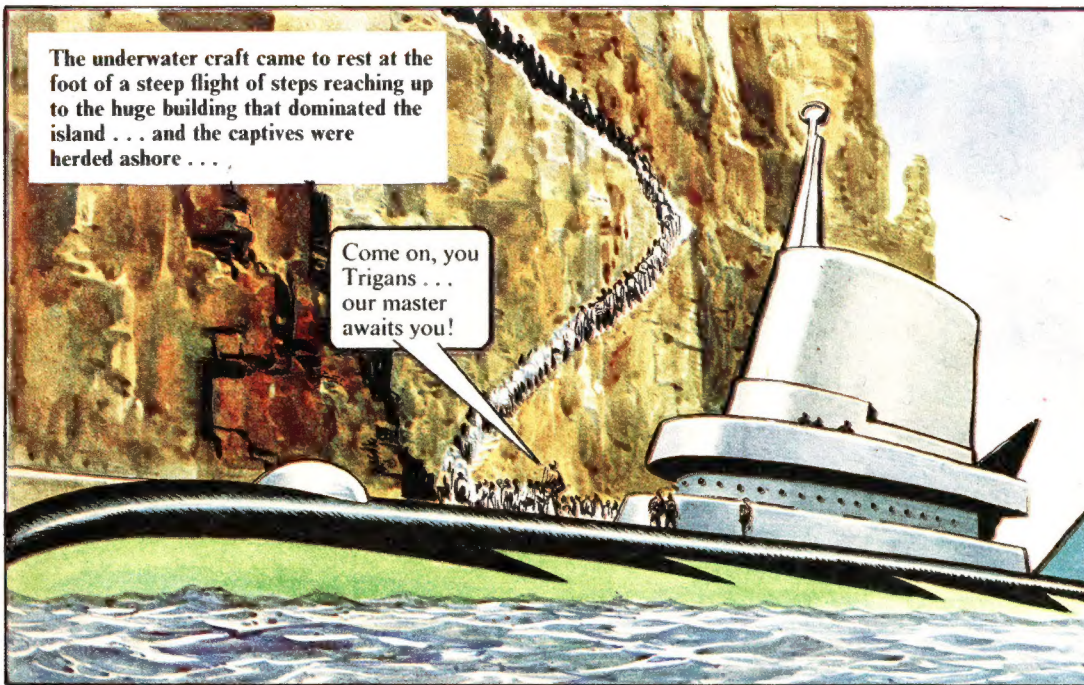
Inform the Master that the underwater craft has returned!



NEXT WEEK: THULLA, THE MAD SCIENTIST

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

Together with the crew of a Trigan warship Janno and his comrades Keren and Roffa have been captured by a strange underwater craft, which takes them to a lonely island on the other side of the planet Elekton . . .



The underwater craft came to rest at the foot of a steep flight of steps reaching up to the huge building that dominated the island . . . and the captives were herded ashore . . .

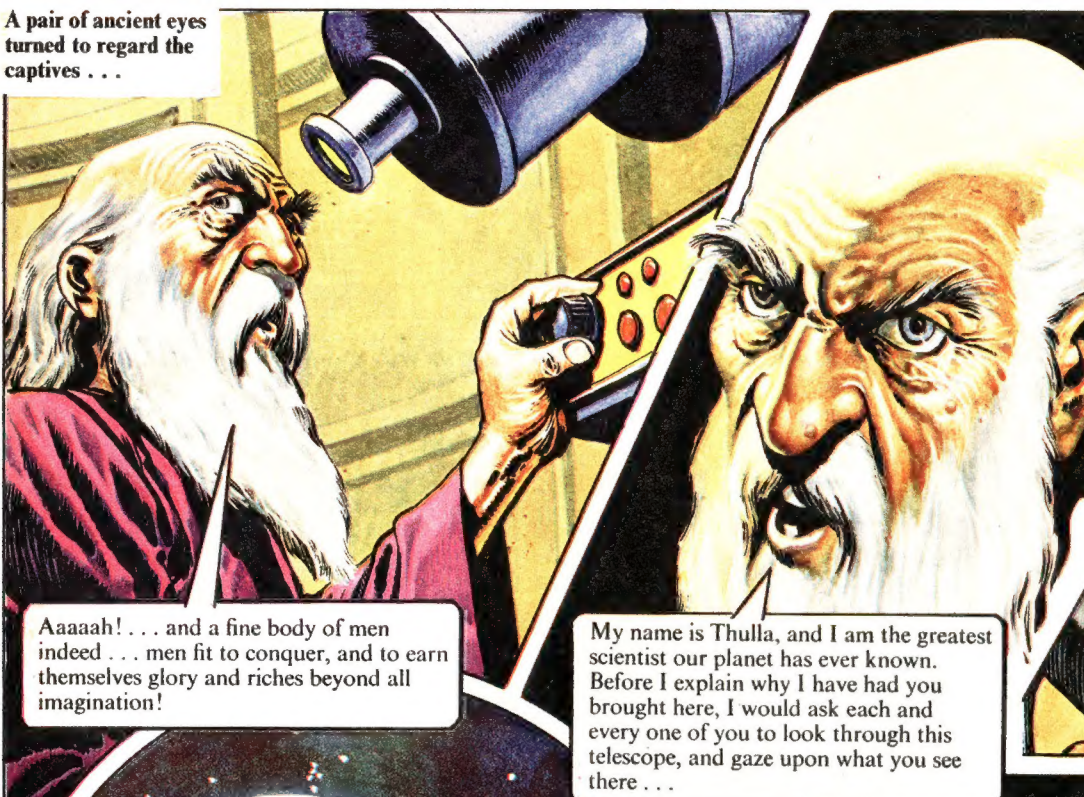
Come on, you Trigans . . . our master awaits you!



They were led into the building . . . into a vast hall dominated by a huge astronomical telescope . . .

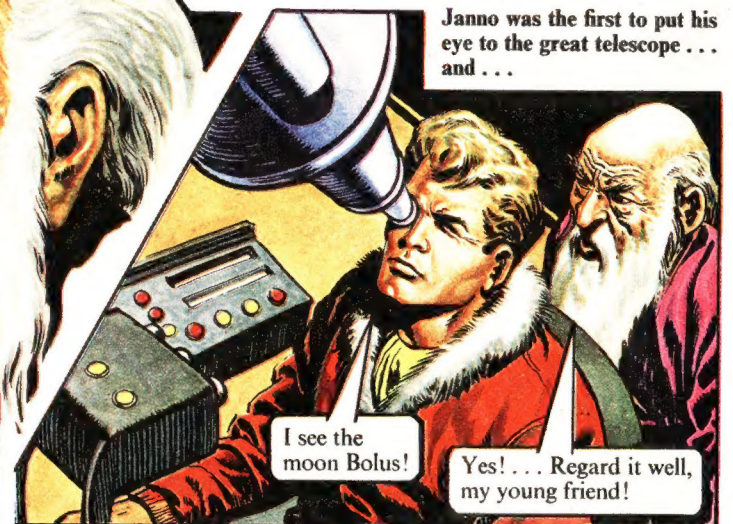
We have returned, master . . . with all the men we need!

A pair of ancient eyes turned to regard the captives . . .



Aaaaah! . . . and a fine body of men indeed . . . men fit to conquer, and to earn themselves glory and riches beyond all imagination!

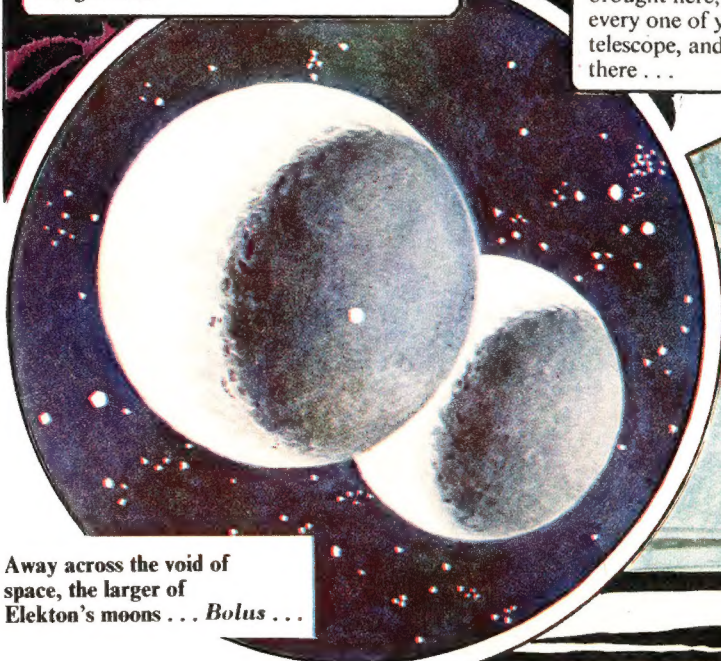
My name is Thulla, and I am the greatest scientist our planet has ever known. Before I explain why I have had you brought here, I would ask each and every one of you to look through this telescope, and gaze upon what you see there . . .



Janno was the first to put his eye to the great telescope . . . and . . .

I see the moon Bolus!

Yes! . . . Regard it well, my young friend!



Away across the void of space, the larger of Elekton's moons . . . Bolus . . .

One by one, the captive Trigans filed forward to look into the telescope . . . and then . . .

My men have brought you here for one reason, and it is this . . . I need your help to invade and conquer Bolus!



So fantastic and far-fetched was this statement that the Trigans scoffed . . .

Ridiculous! . . . Bolus is far beyond the range of any craft on Elekton!

You must have taken leave of your senses, old fellow . . . no one has ever penetrated beyond the atmosphere of our planet!

I have built a craft which will fly to Bolus . . . and you will travel in it!

Janno had a brief council-of-war with his comrades . . . but their decision was never in doubt . . .

Thulla continued . . .

I believe that Bolus is inhabited, and that its vast wealth of mineral resources will only be obtained after much hard fighting . . . which is why I need you! Come with me . . . and I will make every one of you rich beyond your wildest dreams!

In answer to Janno's question, the old man indicated the armed guards who surrounded them . . .

And . . . if we refuse?

All who refuse will die! I will give you a few moments to make up your minds!

Well . . . what's it to be?

I can't hazard the lives of my men . . . I intend to agree to this old madman's plan!

Yes . . . there's nothing else for it . . .

We will accompany you to the moon Bolus!

You will not regret it, my friends! . . . I promise you that each man will return with enough riches to buy the Trigan Empire!

Later that day, Thulla entered a huge chamber in his strange palace and gazed upon a towering cylinder of gleaming metal which stood there . . .

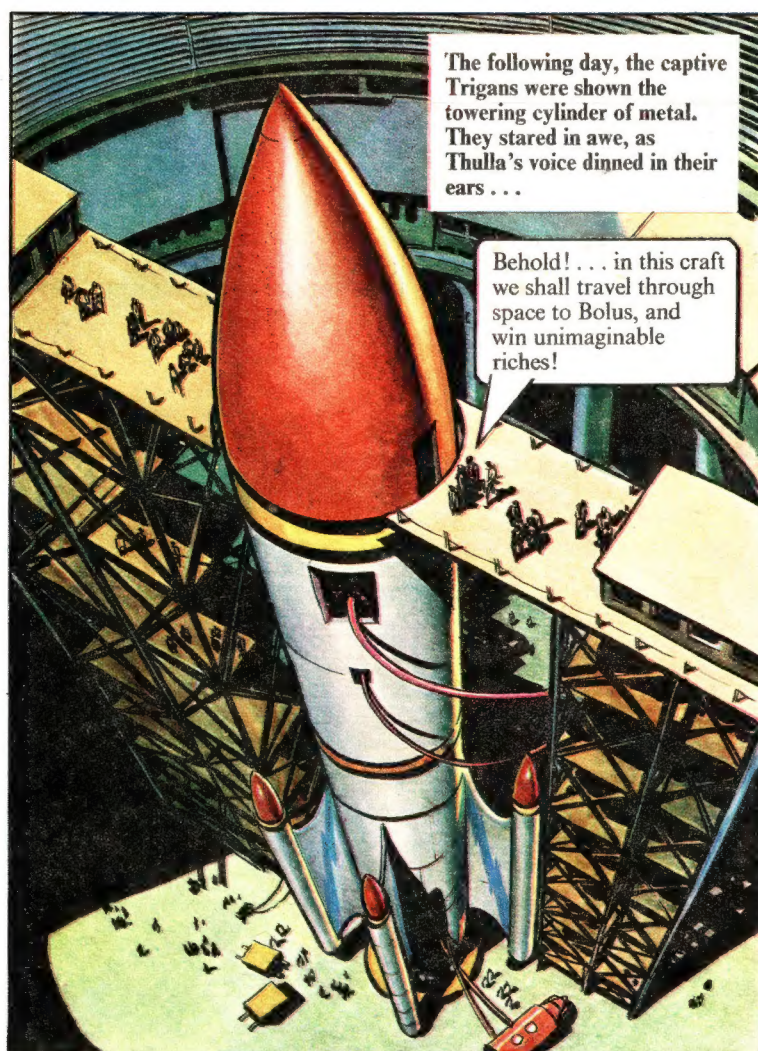
Heh! . . . those Trigans think that they were listening to the ravings of a foolish old man, but before many days have passed, we shall all be streaking through space in my wonder craft!

And what of the Trigans? . . . will you keep faith with them, master?

Of course not! . . . we shall return with the riches of Bolus . . . and leave them behind on that inhospitable moon!

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

Janno and his comrades have been captured and taken to a lonely island on the other side of the planet Elekton, where they meet an old scientist name Thulla, who demands their help for his conquest of the moon Bolus. Thinking the old man to have taken leave of his senses, the Trigans agree . . .



The following day, the captive Trigans were shown the towering cylinder of metal. They stared in awe, as Thulla's voice dinned in their ears . . .

Behold! . . . in this craft we shall travel through space to Bolus, and win unimaginable riches!

Janno, Keren and Roffa exchanged glances . . .

It seems that Thulla is not the doddering old fool we took him to be!

Perhaps . . . perhaps that craft could penetrate beyond our atmosphere and reach Bolus . . .

It certainly looks as if it could!

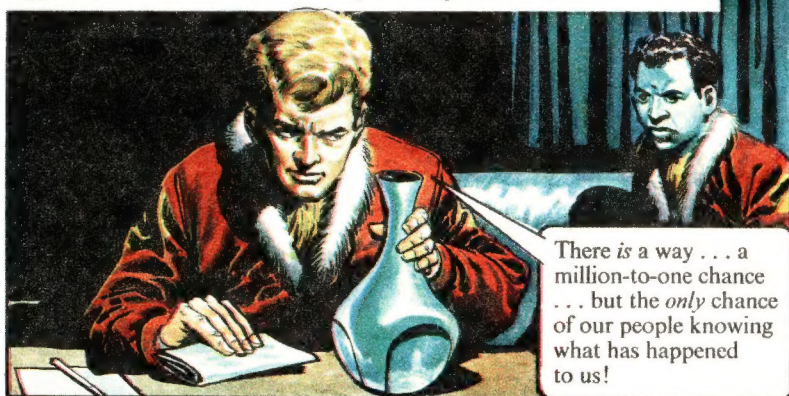


Later, with the start of the fantastic journey set for two days ahead, the three friends held a council-of-war in the rich chamber they had been given . . .

If that thing is really going to take us to Bolus, we really *must* get a message back to Trigan!

Don't forget that Thulla's guards watch our every move!

An idea came to Janno. He wrote a complete report of everything that had happened, and addressed it to the Emperor Trigo himself . . .



There is a way . . . a million-to-one chance . . . but the *only* chance of our people knowing what has happened to us!

Placing the message in a bottle, he tossed it out of the window . . . it fell, tumbling over and over, to the Bay far below.

What a forlorn hope *that* is!

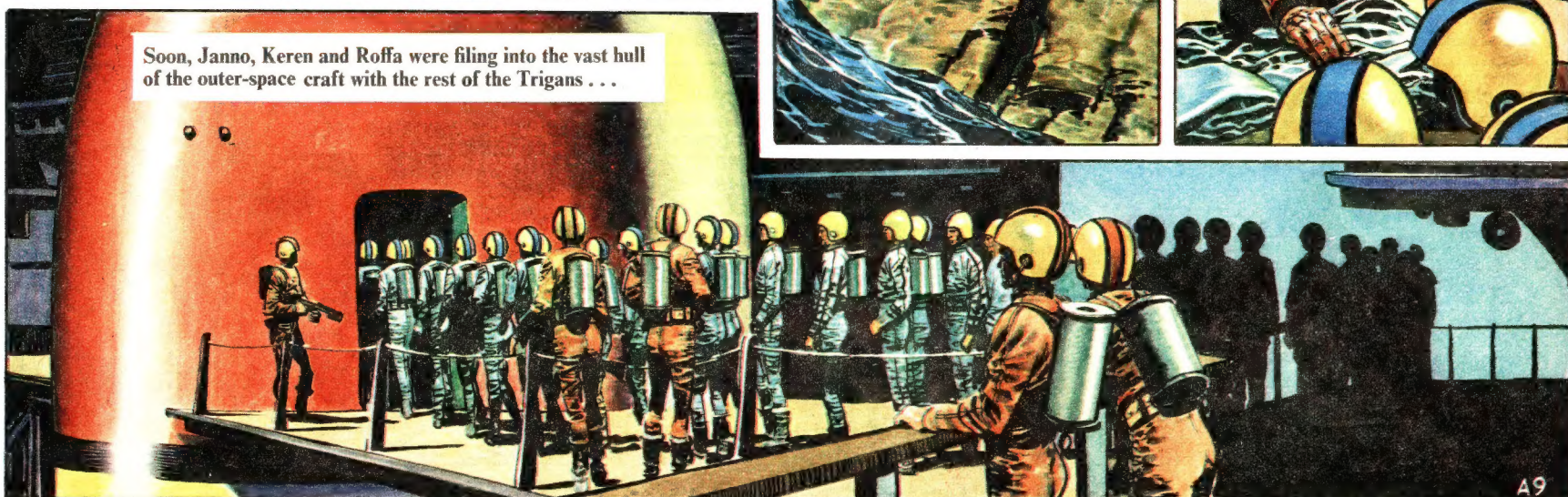
Do you have a better idea?

Two days later, guards came carrying strange trappings and equipment.

Put these on, and remember that your guns will not be loaded . . . until we reach Bolus!



Soon, Janno, Keren and Roffa were filing into the vast hull of the outer-space craft with the rest of the Trigans . . .





The Trigans took their places inside the huge passenger compartment.

Each man will occupy a bunk and strap himself down in readiness for the take-off!

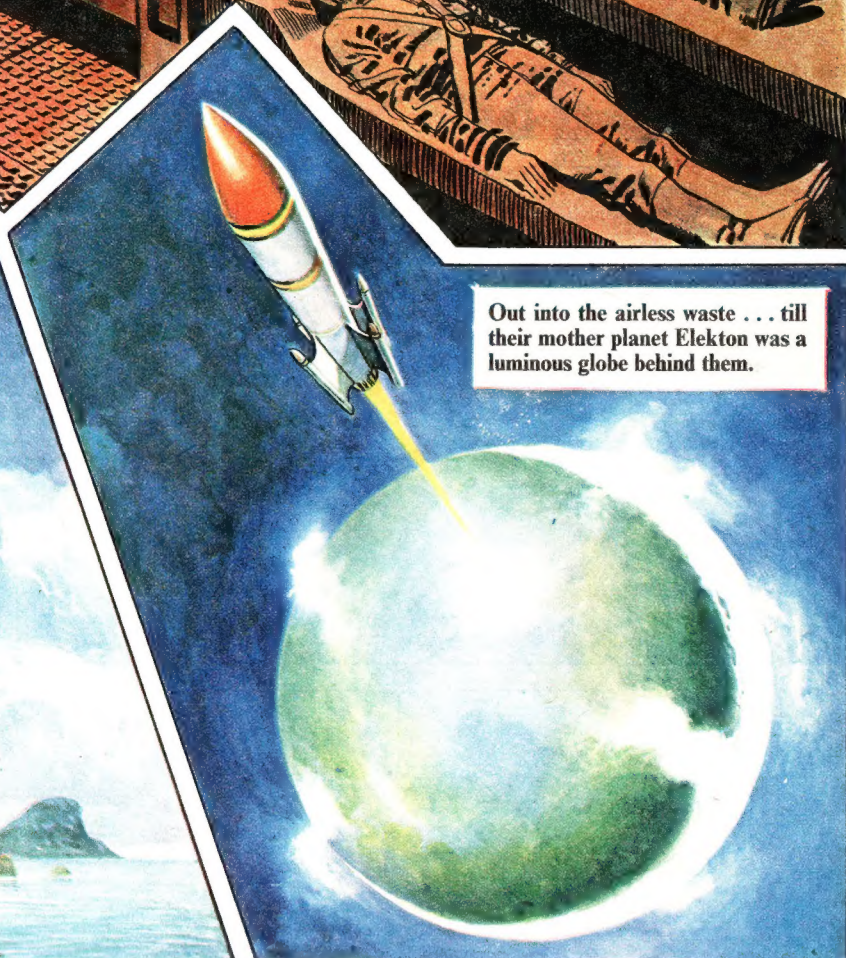


Will this thing reach Bolus ... or shall we all be lost in the wilderness of space?

Janno, Keren and Roffa took care to see that they remained close together. And in the nerve-searing moments that followed, one thought was in all their minds ...



And then it happened! ... with a roar of sound and fury that shook the secret island, Thulla's mighty craft rose skyward on a great tail of white-hot flame!



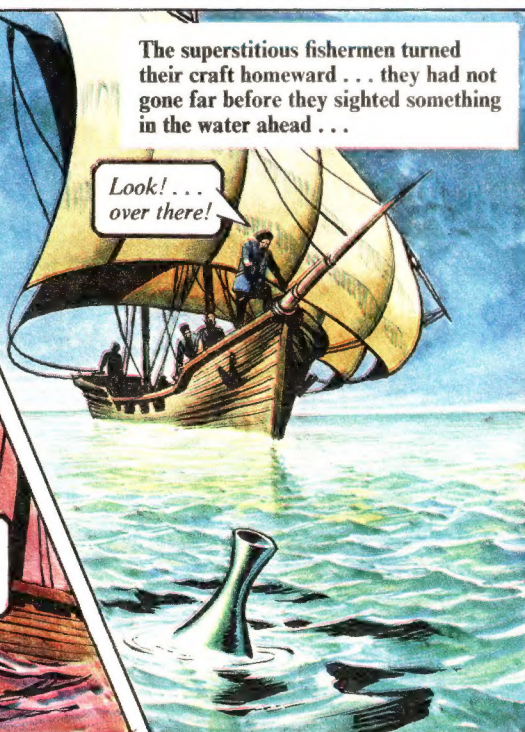
Out into the airless waste ... till their mother planet Elekton was a luminous globe behind them.



The craft's departure did not go unseen ... the crew of a fishing boat far from their home waters saw it leave.

Aaaaah! ... it is a demon of the sky?

I said we should never have come here ... these waters are accursed!



The superstitious fishermen turned their craft homeward ... they had not gone far before they sighted something in the water ahead ...

Look! ... over there!



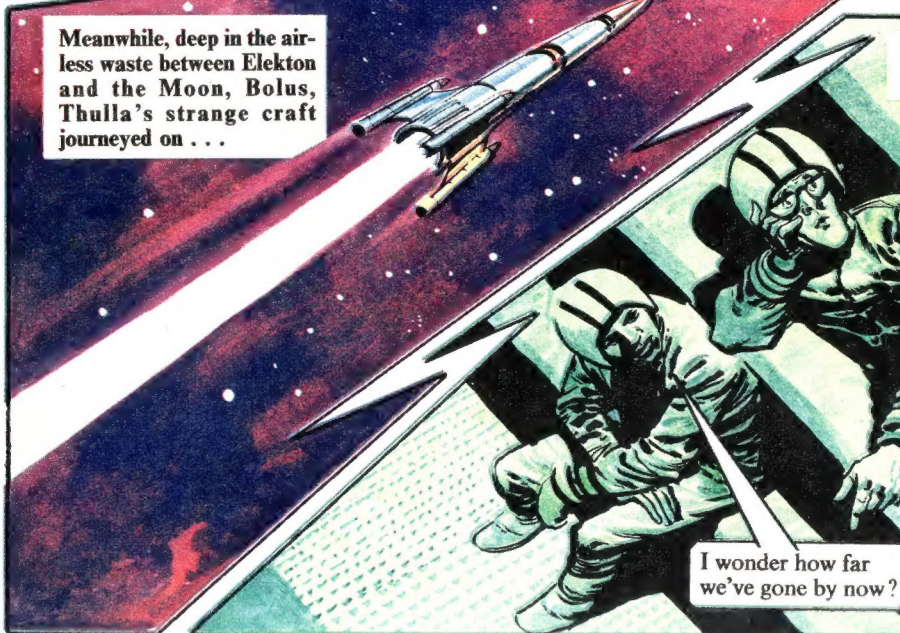
So it was that Janno's message was picked up by these simple, ignorant men who could not read ...

It's not of any value ... just words written on a piece of paper!

Throw it back! ... anything we take from these accursed waters can only bring us evil luck!

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

Janno and his Trigan comrades have been forced to join the old scientist, Thulla, on a fantastic journey of conquest to the moon, Bolus. Before leaving, Janno was able to write a message to the Emperor Trigo, and throw it into the sea in the forlorn hope that it would somehow reach the Emperor. In the event, it was found by superstitious fishermen . . .



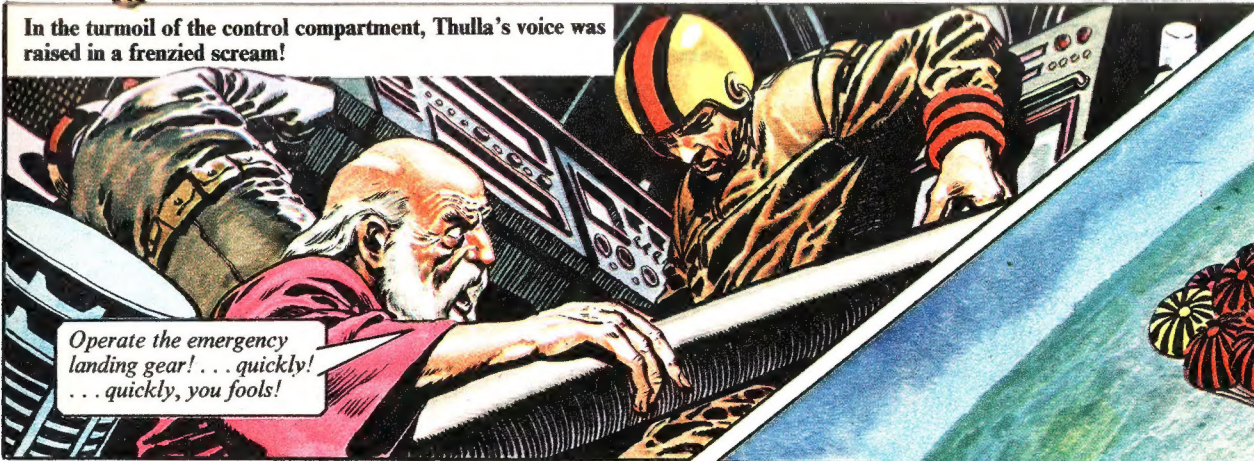


Janno and his comrades felt the death blow of the countless red hot particles, and were hurled headlong!

Aaaaaaaagh!

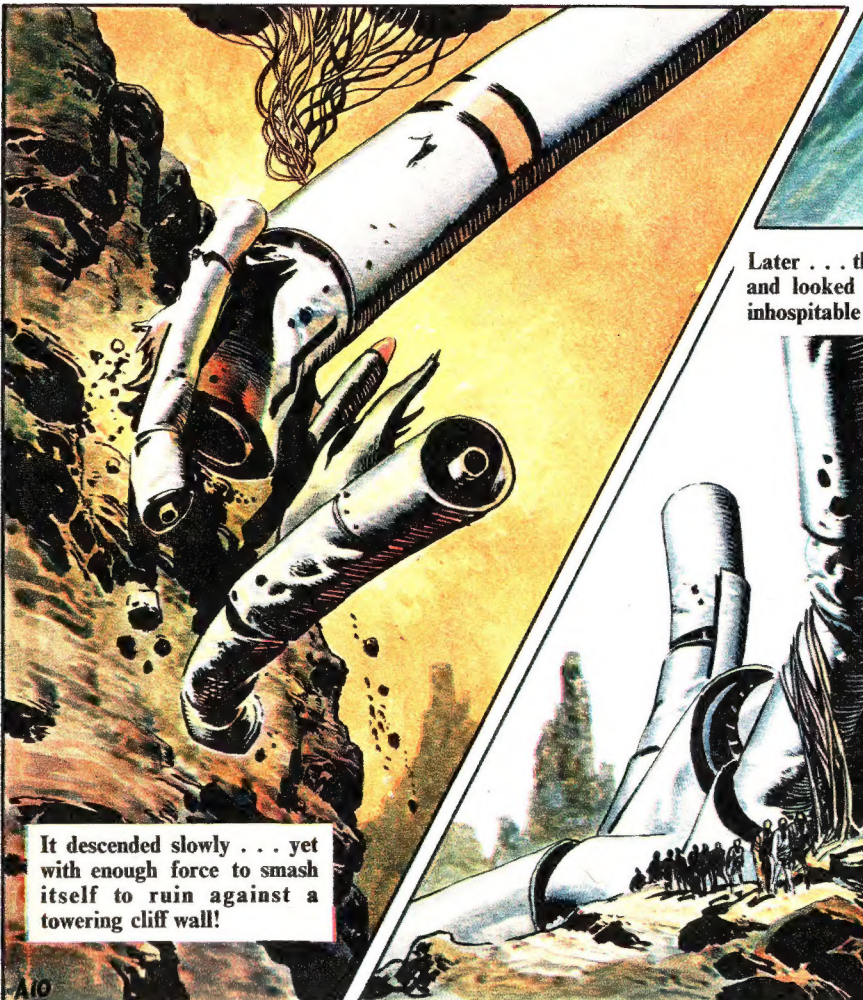


Out of control, the doomed craft toppled over and over . . . falling . . . falling . . . in the grip of Bolus's gravity!

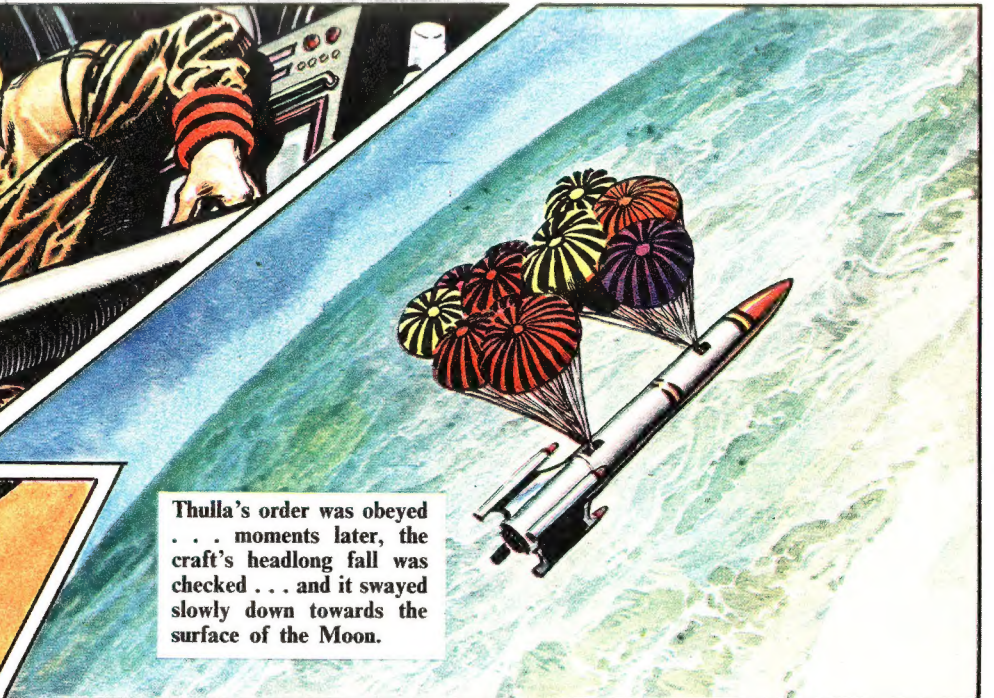


In the turmoil of the control compartment, Thulla's voice was raised in a frenzied scream!

Operate the emergency landing gear! . . . quickly! . . . quickly, you fools!

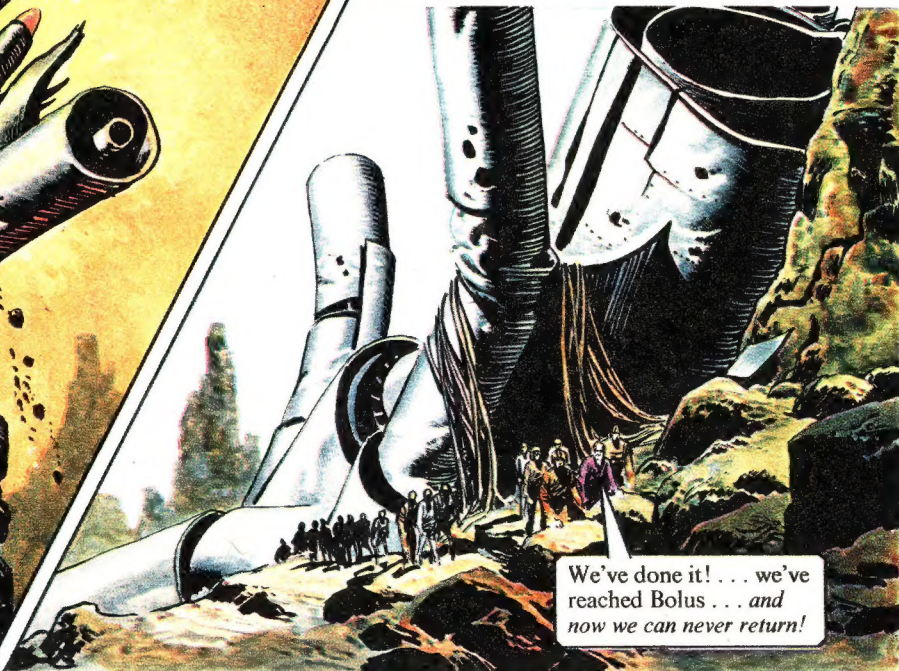


It descended slowly . . . yet with enough force to smash itself to ruin against a towering cliff wall!



Thulla's order was obeyed . . . moments later, the craft's headlong fall was checked . . . and it swayed slowly down towards the surface of the Moon.

Later . . . the survivors crawled out of the wreckage and looked about them in awe and fear at the inhospitable landscape.



We've done it! . . . we've reached Bolus . . . and now we can never return!



The old scientist pointed . . . to their mother Planet.

Behold Elekton! . . . look upon it well! . . . that is how we shall see it for the rest of our lives!

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

Janno and his comrades have been forced to join the old scientist Thulla on a fantastic journey of conquest to the moon, Bolus, but their craft was damaged during the flight, and now they are stranded on the inhospitable moon for the rest of their lives . . . !



Unlike the other survivors, the thought of being stranded on Bolus seemed to fill Thulla with fiendish delight . . . he called to his guards . . .

We will conquer Bolus and make it our home! . . . issue the Trigans with ammunition!



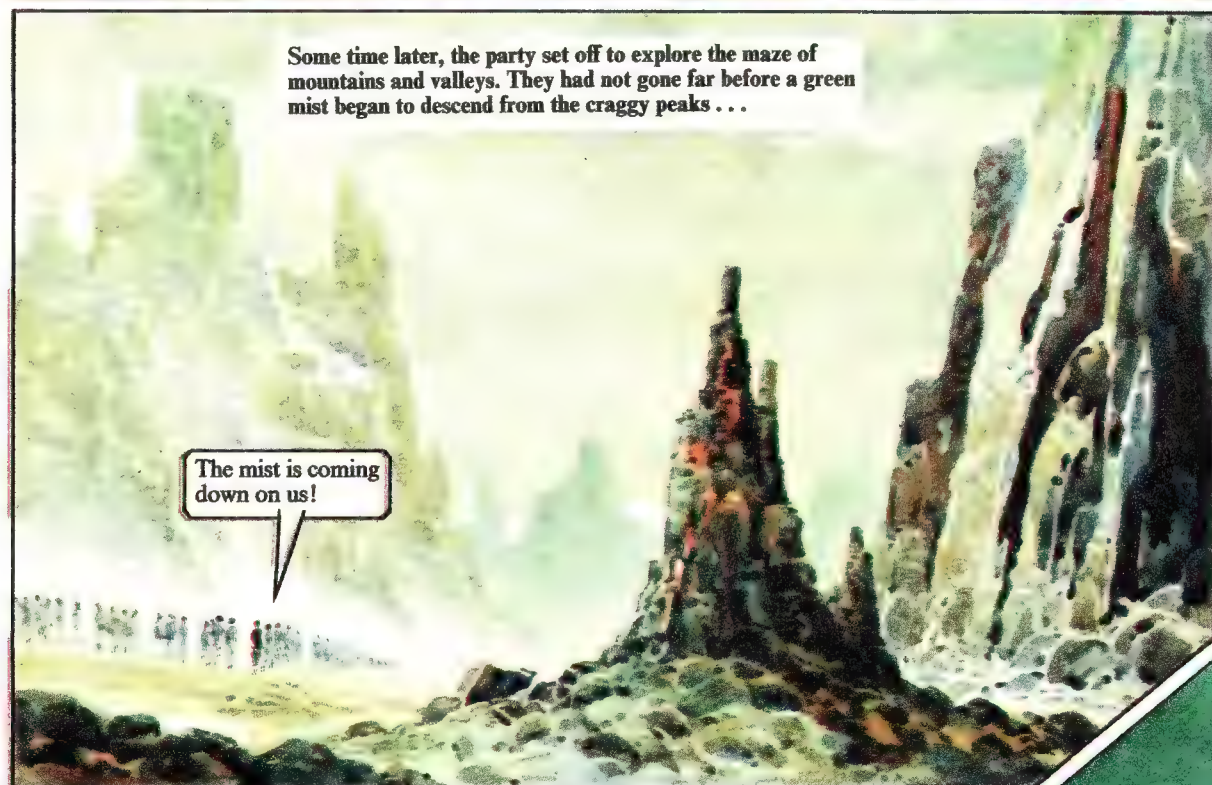
Thulla's grim-faced guards fetched ammunition from the wreckage of the space craft and gave it to Janno and his comrades.

Take it! . . . we are all comrades in adversity now, and we must fight together, or perish!



The idea of having *those* brutes for comrades fills me with despair!

Me too, Janno! . . . but we've no choice . . .



Some time later, the party set off to explore the maze of mountains and valleys. They had not gone far before a green mist began to descend from the craggy peaks . . .

The mist is coming down on us!



Soon they were stumbling through blinding greenness . . . and Janno felt the first stirrings of panic as all but one of his companions vanished from his sight.

Who's that?

It's me, Janno . . . Keren!

The two friends clung to each other for mutual support . . . and then . . . it happened!



Aaaaaah! . . . look! By the stars! . . . what is it?



It came for them out of the all-concealing mist, its fearsome tentacles groping . . . groping . . .

No! . . . no-o-o-o!



Somehow, Janno found the will to fire his weapon . . . but the disintegrating shells had no effect upon their monstrous attacker!



And then . . . the gallant young Trigan was snatched up in a grip from which there was no escaping . . .



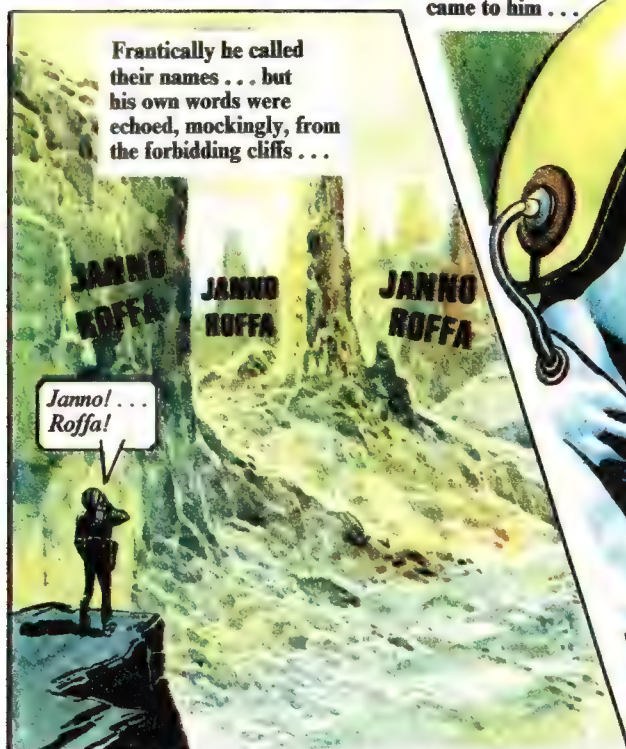
At the sight of his friend's fate, Keren's nerve cracked. Turning, he fled in panic . . . stumbled . . . and fell heavily . . .

Aaaaaaagh!

Where . . . where are the others?



Later . . . much later . . . Keren's mind swam out of unconsciousness. The green mist had cleared. He sat up and gazed about him in blinding sunlight . . .



Frantically he called their names . . . but his own words were echoed, mockingly, from the forbidding cliffs . . .

Janno! . . . Roffa!



And then . . . the unendurable thought came to him . . .

Alone! . . . I'm alone on this accursed moon!



But . . . he was wrong!

No!

. . . A monstrous shadow blocked out the sunlight!

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

Janno, Keren and their comrades are stranded on the moon, Bolus, after being forced to join the sinister scientist, Thulla, on a journey of conquest. Janno has already fallen victim to a terrifying monster, and now Keren is threatened . . .



Keren tried to will himself to escape . . . but his limbs were paralysed with fear . . .

Aaaaaaagh!

After what seemed an eternity, he recovered consciousness to hear a familiar voice calling his name . . . opening his eyes, he focussed on the face of his friend . . .

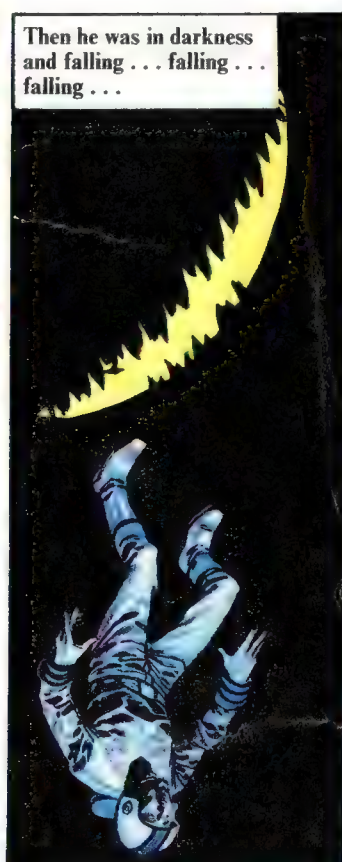
Keren . . . Keren . . . are you all right?

He was snatched up in a monstrous paw . . .



No! . . . no-o-o-o!

Then he was in darkness and falling . . . falling . . . falling . . .



Keren sat up and looked about him. He and Janno were in surroundings of great peace and beauty . . .

Where . . . where are we, Janno?

I don't know. I've only just awakened myself.

As if in answer to Janno's remark, three men appeared, and spoke in a language they had never heard.



ΣΙ-ΘΙΑ ΛΘ JUXI

But . . . I was devoured by a monstrous creature . . . and so were you!

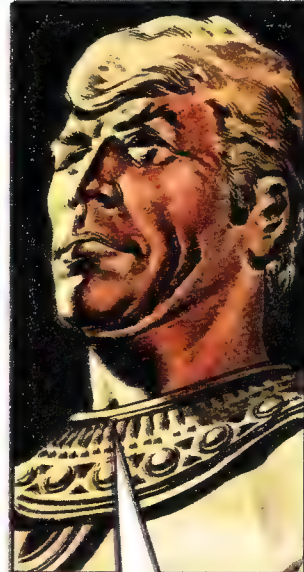


Yes . . . and like you, I lost consciousness and awakened in this courtyard. And I *still* haven't seen a living person here . . .

Still speaking in the strange tongue, the man who appeared to be in authority motioned his companions to fix strange appliances round the necks of the two Trigans . . .



Suddenly, to their amazement, the man's speech turned into perfect Trigan!



You are wearing language converters which take my words and translate them into the native tongue of the wearer. Similarly, when you speak to me in Trigan, I can understand you!

Before the two youths could reply, the golden-haired man motioned them towards an archway in the wall.



Their strange hosts seemed amused at the lads' astonishment. Food was brought, and they were politely bidden to eat . . .



NEXT WEEK: THE ELEKTON INVADERS ARRIVE

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

Janno and Keren are captives of the strange inhabitants of the Moon Bolus, and in great peril . . .

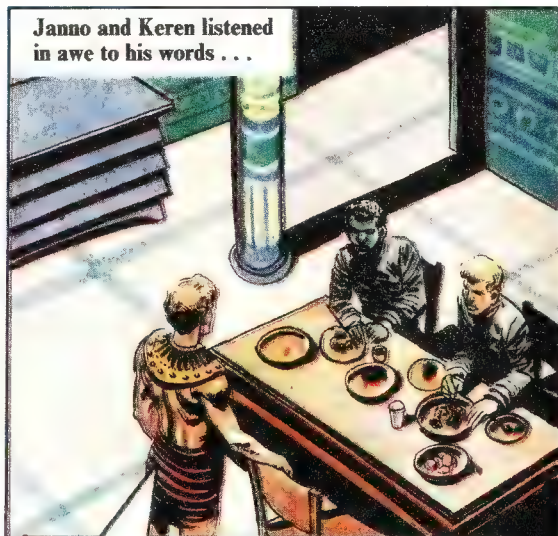
The golden haired-man pointed to the familiar globe that dominated the sky above.

Behold! . . . your mother planet . . . *The Hated Elekton!*



Can you imagine the terror that Elekton has brought into the hearts of countless generations of our people? . . . From time immemorial we have *known* that you would one day invade us!

Janno and Keren listened in awe to his words . . .



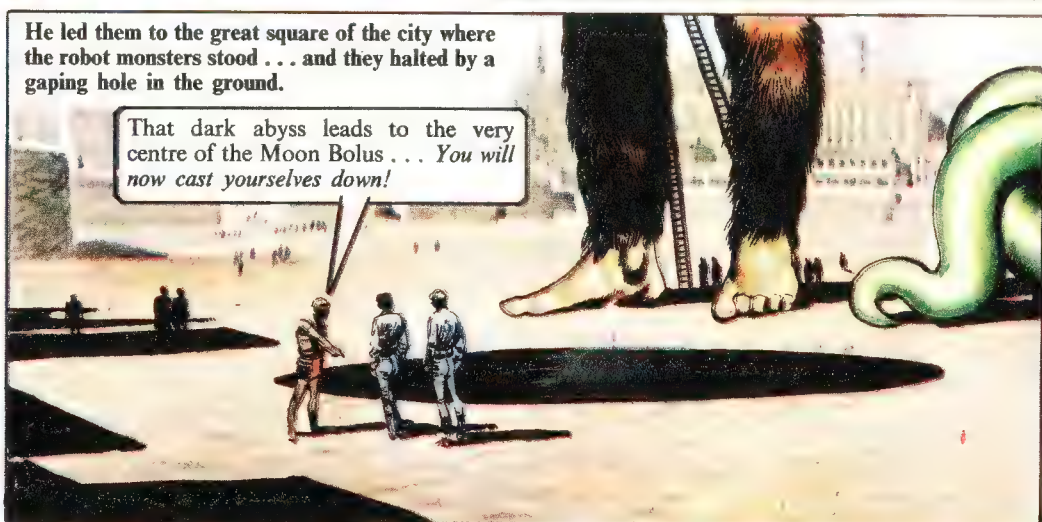
We of the Moon Bolus are peace-loving people . . . we do not even know *how* to fight. But we knew you Elektons would come, so we built stout walls round our cities, and constructed the robot monsters to do our fighting for us.



Now you have heard everything and . . . though I bear you no personal hatred . . . you must die! . . . *Come with me!*

He led them to the great square of the city where the robot monsters stood . . . and they halted by a gaping hole in the ground.

That dark abyss leads to the very centre of the Moon Bolus . . . *You will now cast yourselves down!*



They threw themselves flat, as the very air seemed to explode all round them.



What's happening?

There can only be one explanation . . . *our comrades have arrived!*

At this terrifying order, Janno and Keren exchanged alarmed glances . . . and then . . . *it happened!* . . . *Whooomph!*



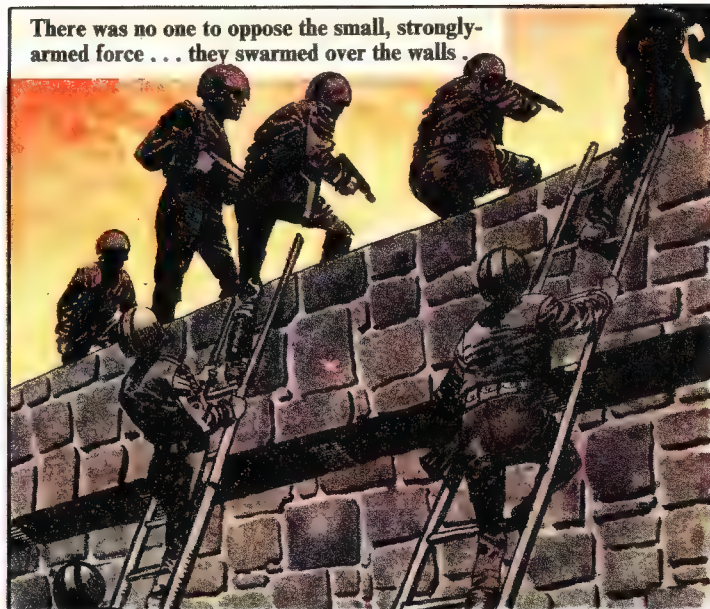
Aaaaagh!

By the stars!



True enough . . . the Elekton invaders had located the city, and were at that moment charging the walls . . . urged on by the fanatical voice of Thulla.

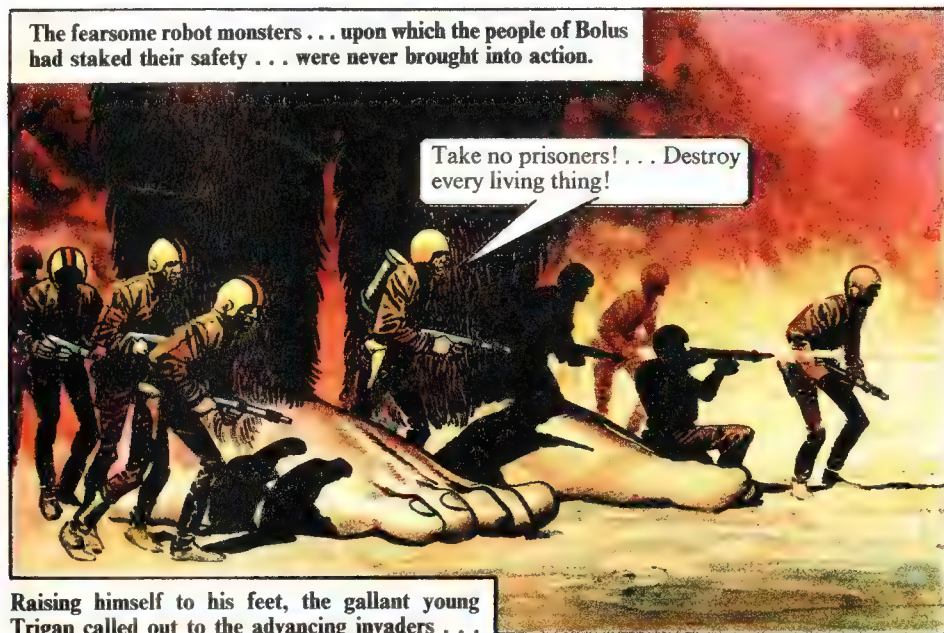
Attack! . . . Attack and destroy! . . . Beyond those walls lie riches that defy imagination!



There was no one to oppose the small, strongly-armed force . . . they swarmed over the walls .



The unwarlike citizens fled in blind panic . . .



The fearsome robot monsters . . . upon which the people of Bolus had staked their safety . . . were never brought into action.

Take no prisoners! . . . Destroy every living thing!



With a heavy heart, Janno saw the chaos and destruction . . .

We've got to stop the massacre of these helpless people!

Yes . . . but how?



Stop firing! . . . These people won't fight back! . . . The city's yours for the taking . . .



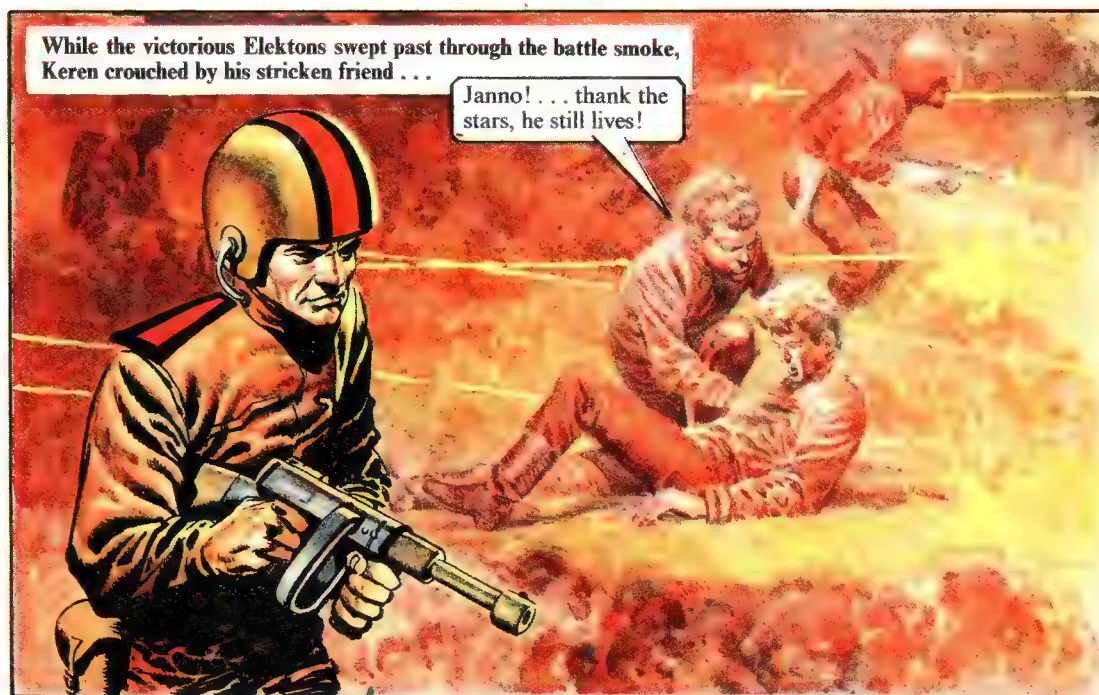
And then . . . he himself was struck down!

Janno!

A 13

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

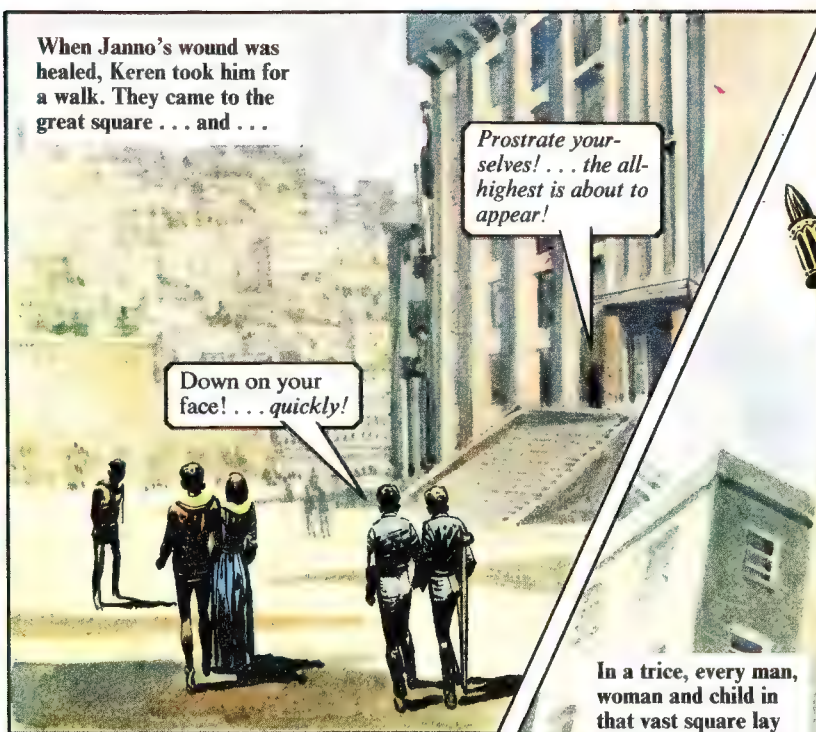
Led by the fanatical old scientist, Thulla, a small force from the planet Elekton has invaded the Moon Bolus, and the peace-loving inhabitants are helpless against them . . .





Through the shell-rent wall they could see their mother planet . . .

And to think we must stay here for the rest of our lives . . . never to set foot on Elekton again!

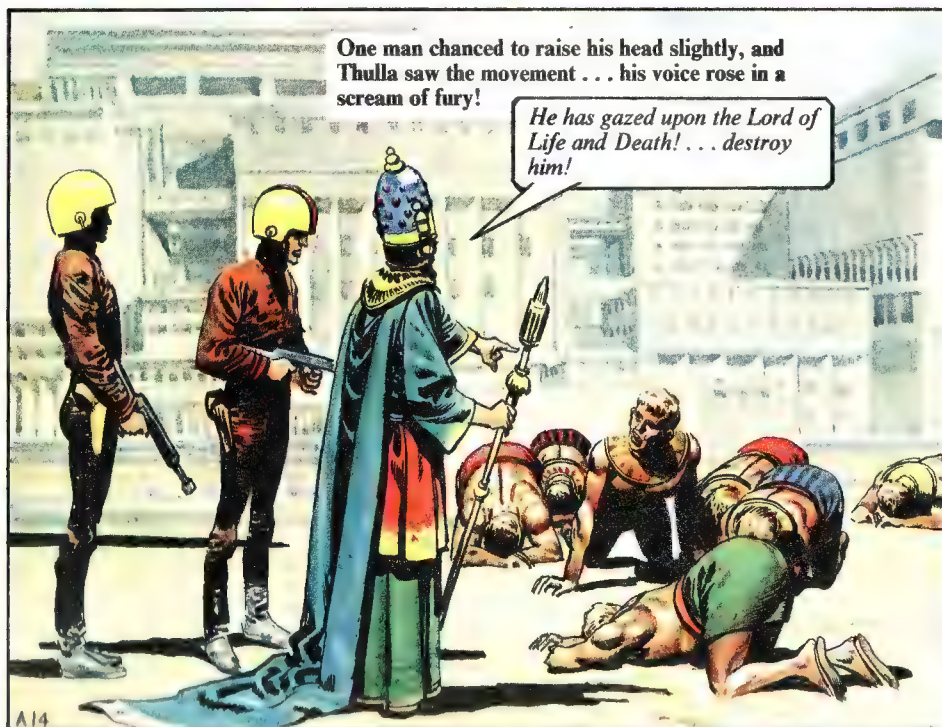


When Janno's wound was healed, Keren took him for a walk. They came to the great square . . . and . . .

Down on your face! . . . quickly!

Prostrate yourselves! . . . the all-highest is about to appear!

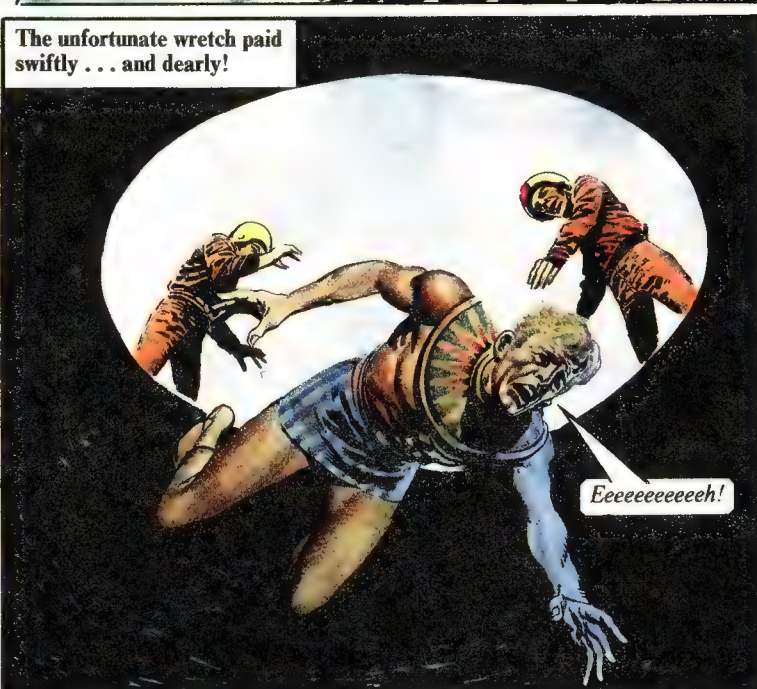
In a trice, every man, woman and child in that vast square lay face-downwards. And in the deathly silence that followed . . . He came!



One man chanced to raise his head slightly, and Thulla saw the movement . . . his voice rose in a scream of fury!

He has gazed upon the Lord of Life and Death! . . . destroy him!

The unfortunate wretch paid swiftly . . . and dearly!



Meanwhile, across the void of space . . . on the planet Elekton . . .

. . . in the market place of an obscure little town on the borders of the Trigan Empire, something was just about to happen . . . something which was to have shattering consequences . . .



That curiously-shaped wine bottle interests me . . . how much?

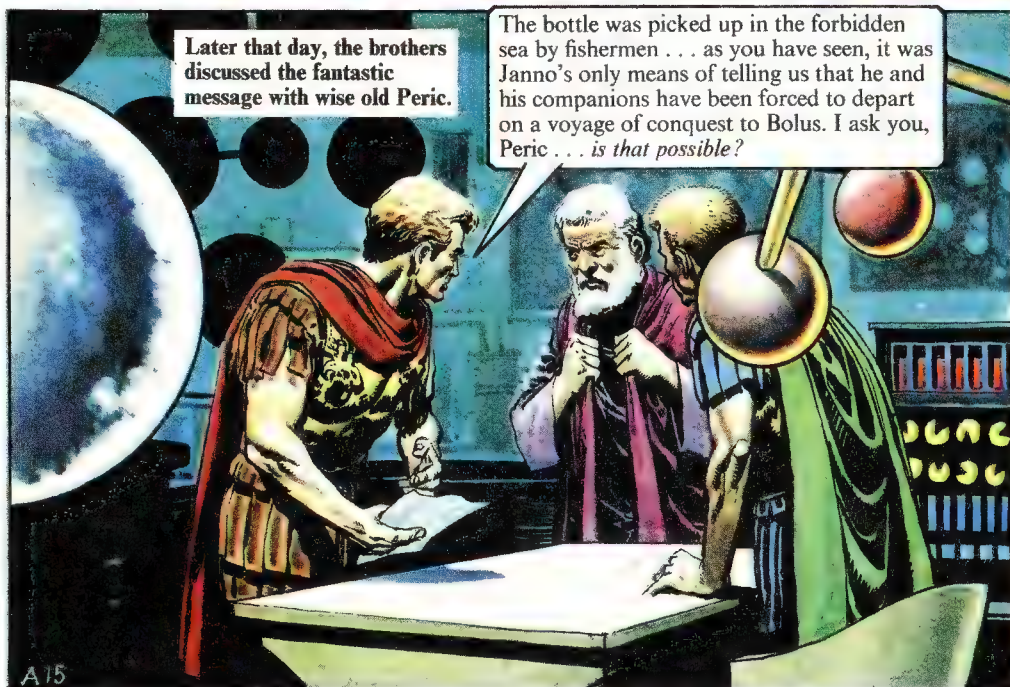
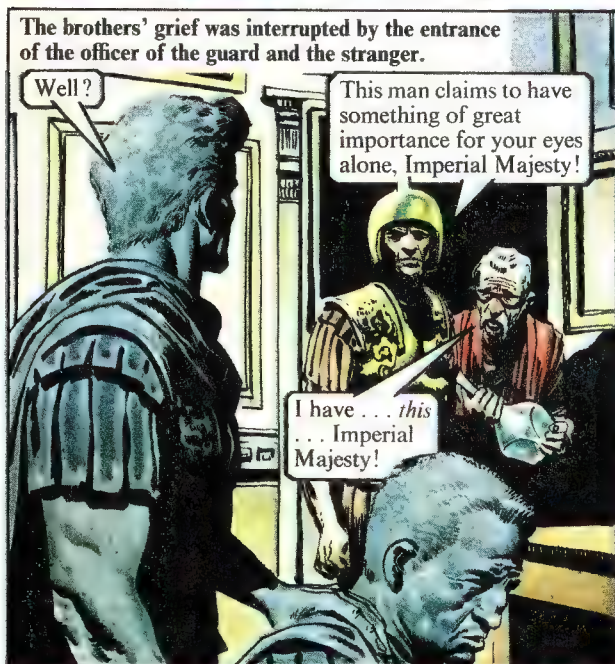
Aaah, Master . . . now there's a very interesting story connected with that bottle . . . listen . . .

It was the bottle containing Janno's last message to the Emperor of the Trigans!

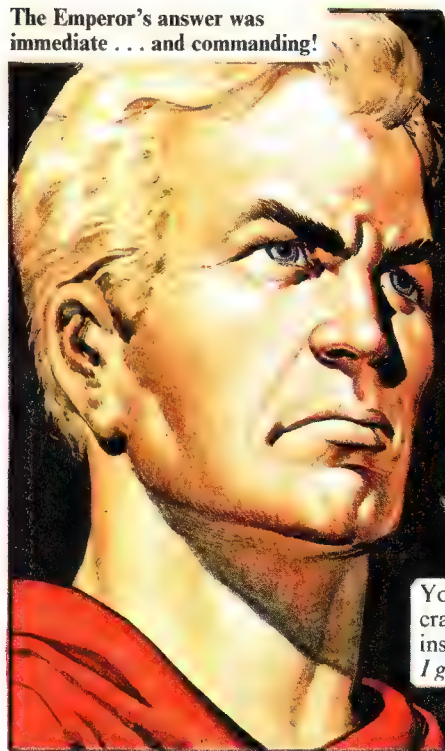
Next week: A threat to all life on Elekton

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

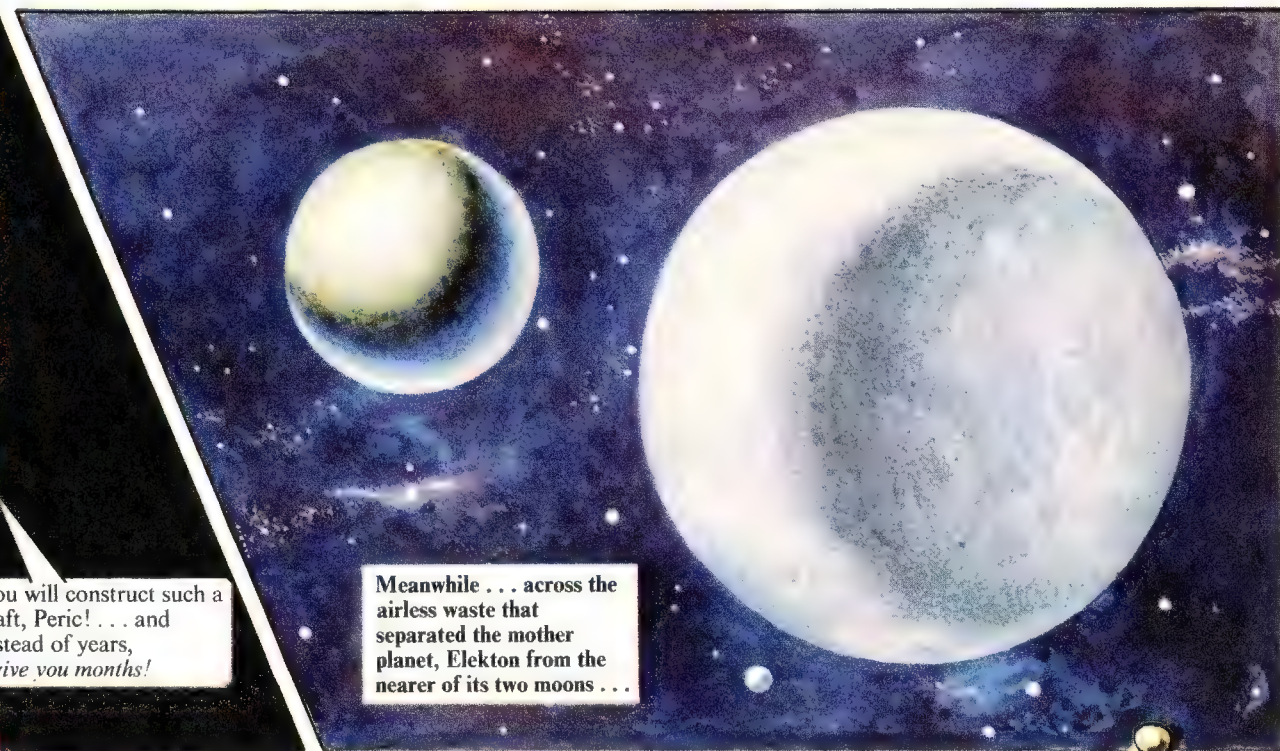
Led by the fanatical old scientist Thulla, a small force from the planet Elektion has conquered the moon Bolus, and Thulla has proclaimed himself Lord of Life and Death on the moon.
But, back on Elektion, momentous events are beginning to take shape . . .



The Emperor's answer was immediate . . . and commanding!

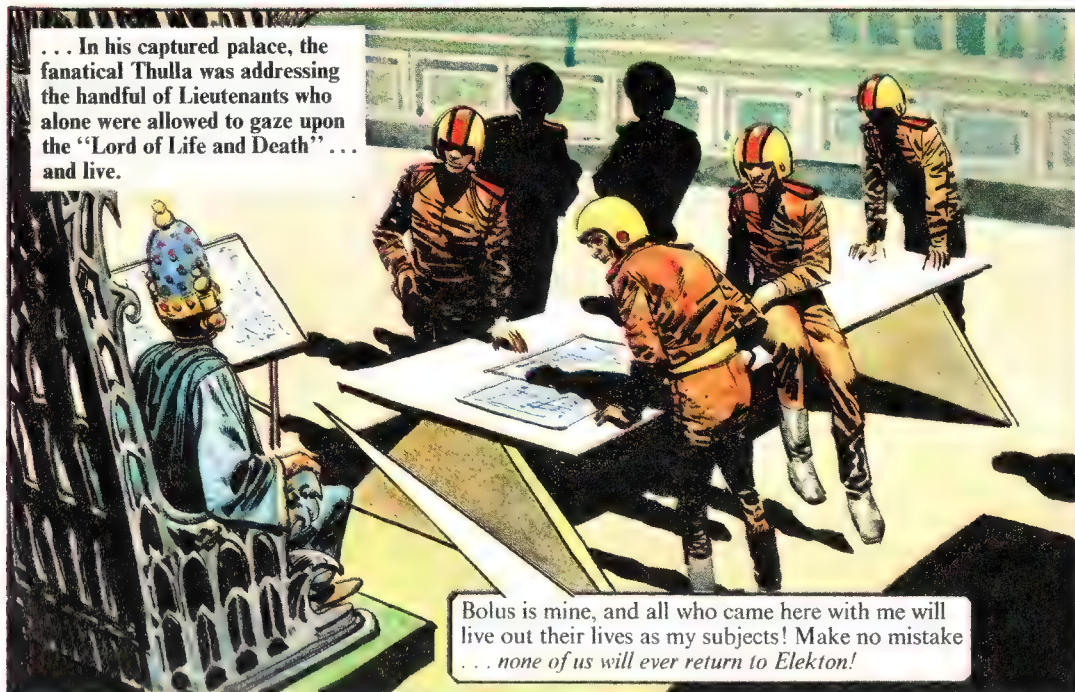


You will construct such a craft, Peric! . . . and instead of years, I give you months!



Meanwhile . . . across the airless waste that separated the mother planet, Elekton from the nearer of its two moons . . .

. . . In his captured palace, the fanatical Thulla was addressing the handful of Lieutenants who alone were allowed to gaze upon the "Lord of Life and Death" . . . and live.



Bolus is mine, and all who came here with me will live out their lives as my subjects! Make no mistake . . . none of us will ever return to Elekton!



From now on, the inhabitants of Elekton are our potential enemies! Like the Golden-haired natives of Bolus before us, we shall live in the constant threat of invasion from the mother planet . . . and so . . .



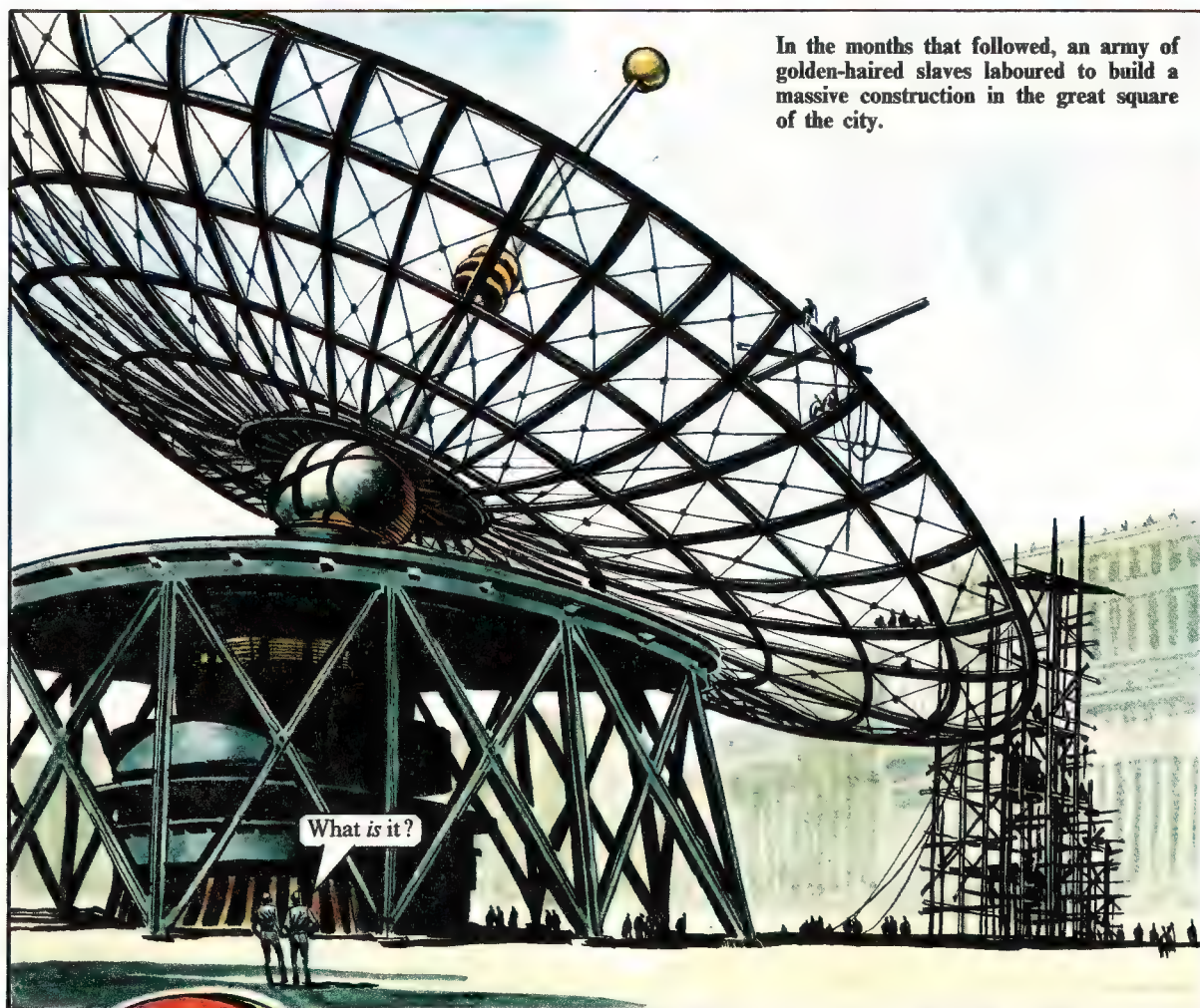
. . . I have devised a weapon of such colossal destructive force that we shall be able to rid ourselves for ever of that threat . . . here is the plan of my weapon . . .



. . . With it, we shall destroy all life on Elekton!

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

Led by the fanatical old scientist, Thulla, a small force from the planet Elekton has conquered the moon Bolus. Thulla has declared himself Lord of Life and Death on the moon, and has sworn that there will *never* be another invasion from Elekton...



In the months that followed, an army of golden-haired slaves laboured to build a massive construction in the great square of the city.

What is it?

Janno and his comrade Keren had watched the thing taking shape with growing concern...

Some demon's work's afoot... some fiendish idea from the twisted mind of Thulla!



Always, when they questioned one of Thulla's trusted, orange clad guards, they got the same answer...



It's being built by order of the all-highest! That's all you need to know!



Suddenly...

Prostrate yourselves!... the all-highest approaches!

Janno and Keren obeyed with the others. Save for Thulla's trusted lieutenants, it was death to all who gazed upon "the lord of life and death"...



The disintegrator progresses well!... within a few days, it will be ready for trial!



Thulla's voice rose to a fanatical screech...

Then we will begin the task of destroying all life on Elekton... so that we shall be safe for ever on this moon of mine!... Safe till eternity!

The fantastically-garbed figure moved on... and the two comrades exchanged grim glances.

So... now we know!

Thulla's taken leave of his senses! Destroy all life on Elekton?... it's unbelievable!



Later, they held a council-of-war...

We've got to stop this madness!

But how?... We're outnumbered by Thulla's guards... The rest of the Elektons are scarcely more than prisoners.



We'll blow up that fiendish device! . . . tonight!



Their beloved mother planet was glowing in the night sky as the intrepid pair crept silently across the city square.



A16

Reaching the towering shape, they fastened to its base an explosive charge which they had prepared.

This will bring the whole thing crashing down!

What . . . what was that?



And then . . . a blinding light!

Aaaaaaagh!



Next instant, they were struggling in the grasp of Thulla's brutal guards!

They were attempting to blow it up!



Throw them into the pit!

There was a gaping hole at one end of the square . . . according to legend, it led to the very centre of the moon. Janno and Keren were dragged towards it . . .

Treacherous animals! . . . in with them!



NEXT WEEK: THE ORDEAL OF THE PIT

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

Led by the fanatical old scientist Thulla, a small force from the planet Elekton has conquered the moon, Bolus. Thulla has declared himself Lord of Life and Death on the moon, and plans to destroy all life on Elekton. Janno and Keren have been caught in the act of trying to wreck the fiendish device which threatens Elekton . . .

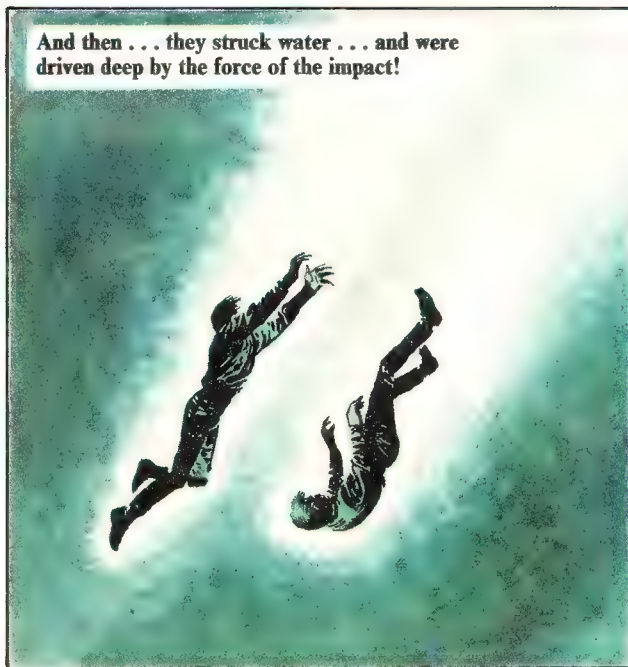
Thulla's merciless guards hurled Janno and Keren headlong into the yawning abyss.



Down . . . down . . . down . . .



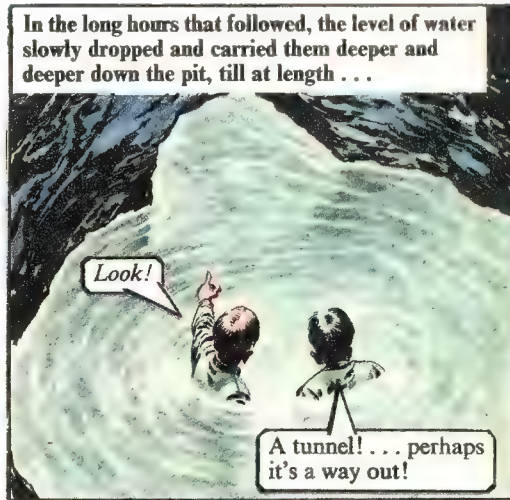
And then . . . they struck water . . . and were driven deep by the force of the impact!



With lungs nearly at bursting point, their heads broke surface . . . and they looked about them, scarcely able to believe their good fortune.



In the long hours that followed, the level of water slowly dropped and carried them deeper and deeper down the pit, till at length . . .



The water sank lower to reveal a wide cavern . . . and beyond that . . . Daylight!

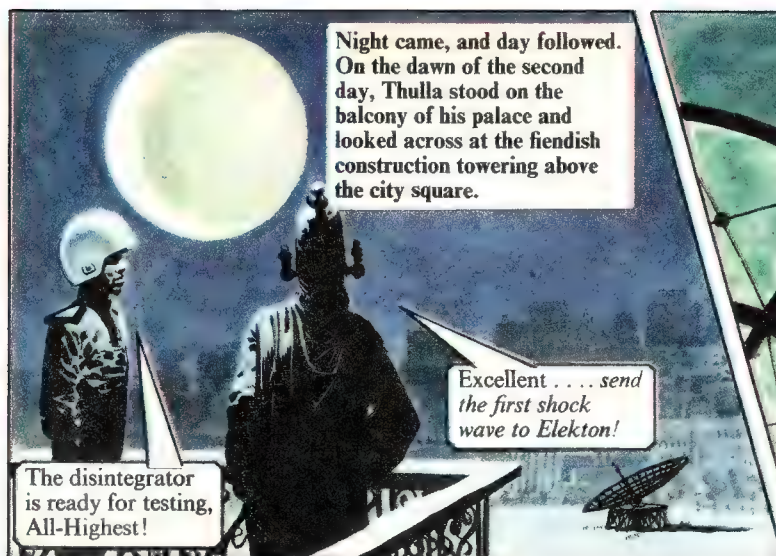


They swam the long length of the cavern, and saw a vast stretch of water with towering peaks beyond.



They clambered out on to a rocky ledge, and looked about them in awe at the forbidding rock walls.





Night came, and day followed. On the dawn of the second day, Thulla stood on the balcony of his palace and looked across at the fiendish construction towering above the city square.

The disintegrator is ready for testing, All-Highest!

Excellent . . . send the first shock wave to Elekton!



During this time, Janno and Keren had succeeded in climbing the dizzy rock face, and reached a high peak overlooking the city at that fateful moment . . .

Karen . . . look!



The order was passed to the crew of the disintegrator. The face of the enormous disc was turned towards the planet Elekton . . . And a searing ray of green light stabbed into the sky!



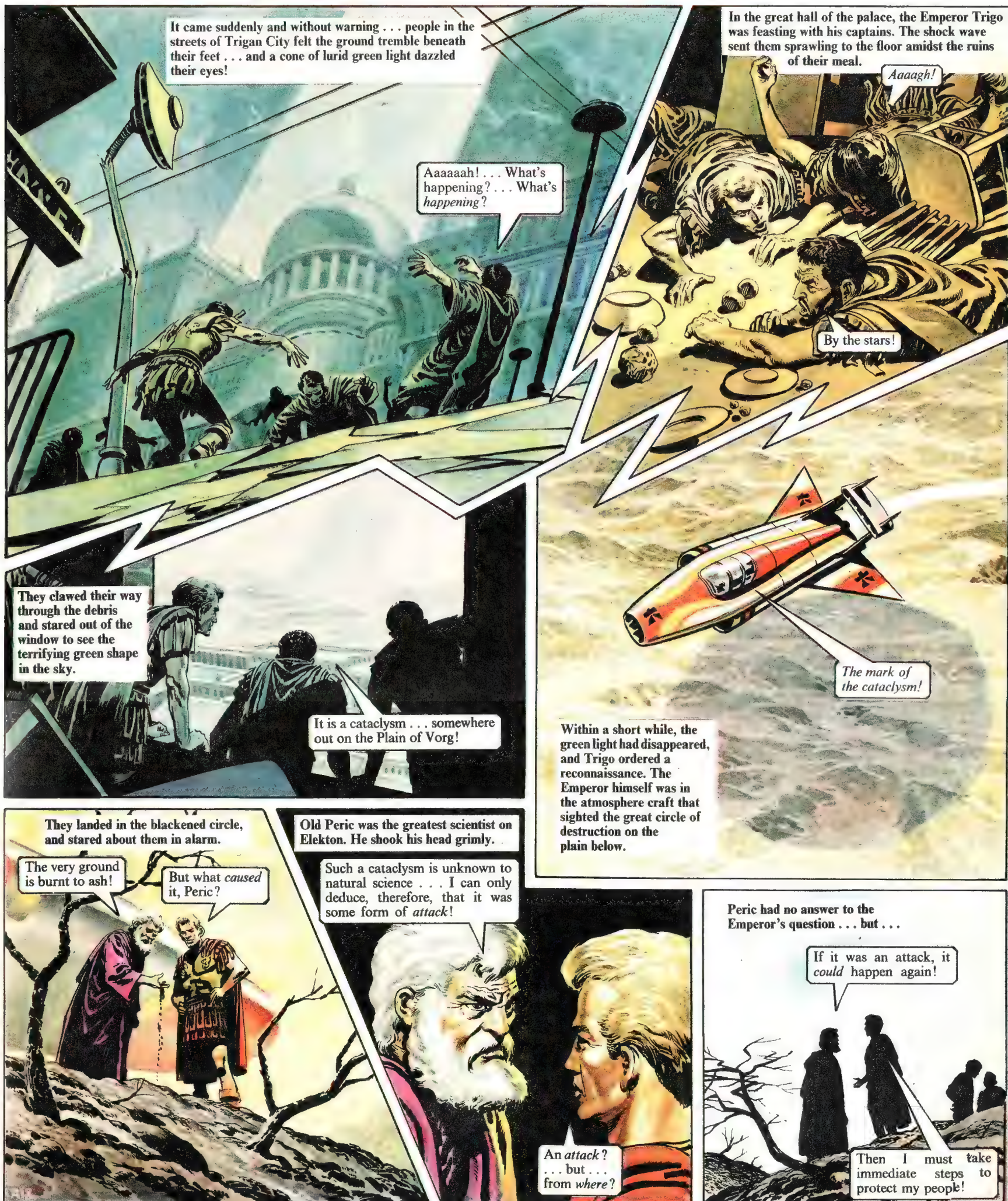
It's begun! . . . the destruction of all life on Elekton!

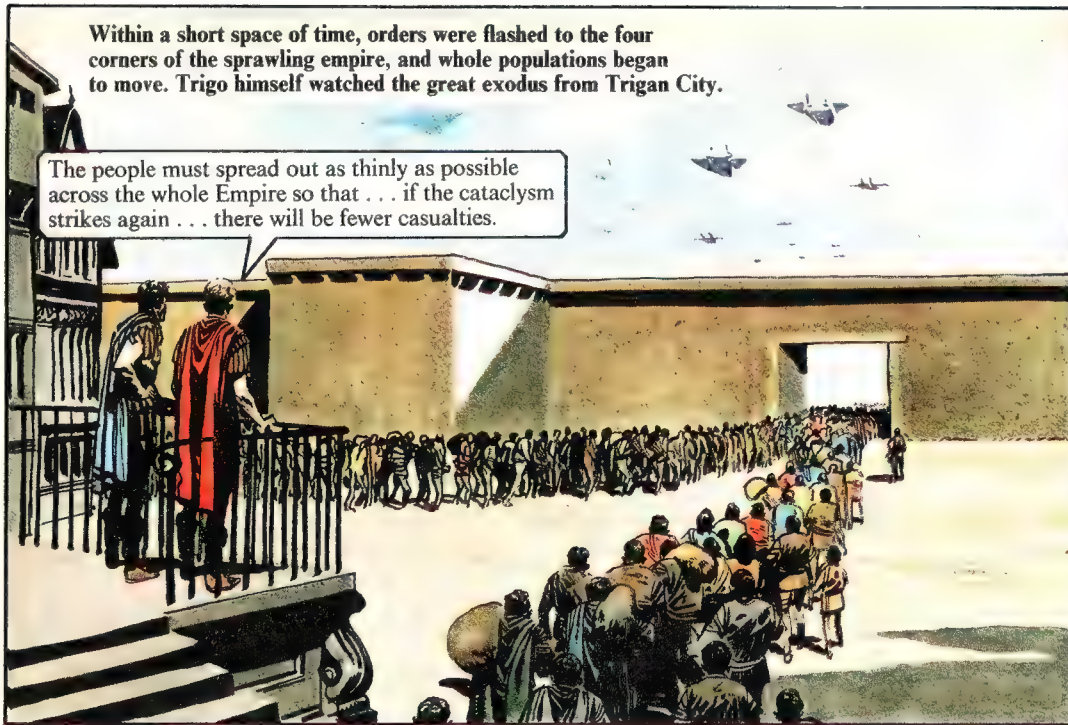
. . . and there's nothing we can do to stop it!

NEXT WEEK: PANIC ON ELEKTON

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

The fanatical old scientist Thulla has declared himself Lord of Life and Death on the Moon, Bolus, and has constructed a fiendish device with which he means to destroy all life on the mother planet Elekton!

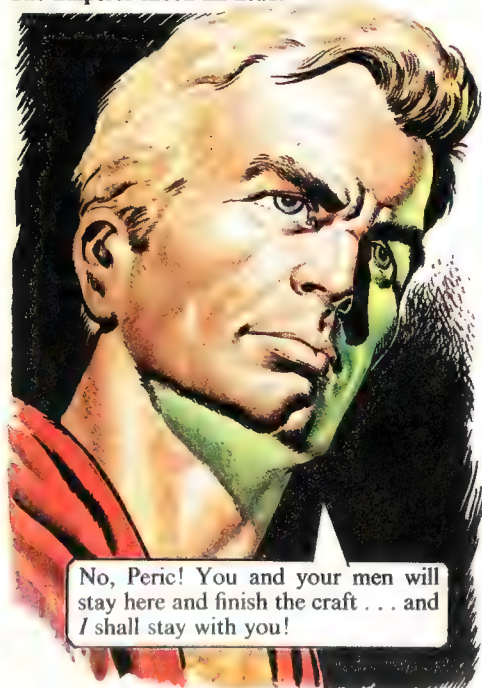




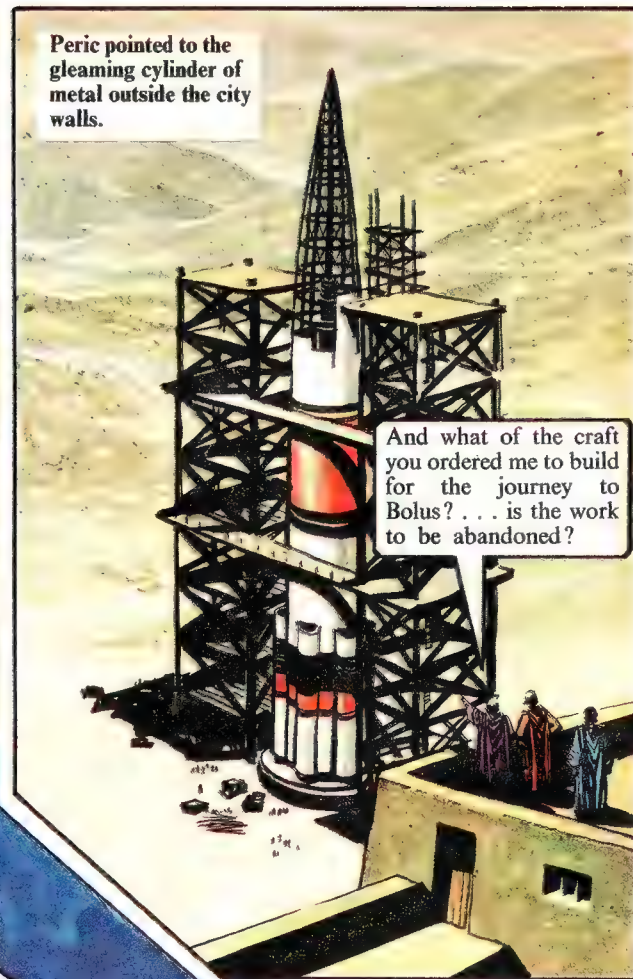
Within a short space of time, orders were flashed to the four corners of the sprawling empire, and whole populations began to move. Trigo himself watched the great exodus from Trigan City.

The people must spread out as thinly as possible across the whole Empire so that . . . if the cataclysm strikes again . . . there will be fewer casualties.

The Emperor shook his head.

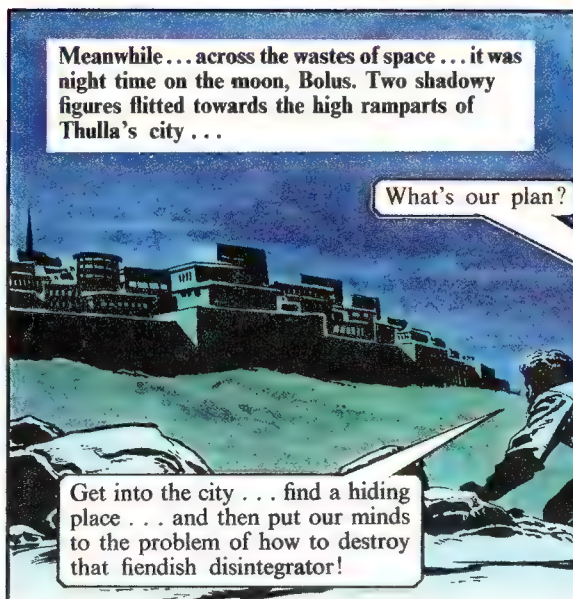


No, Peric! You and your men will stay here and finish the craft . . . and I shall stay with you!



Peric pointed to the gleaming cylinder of metal outside the city walls.

And what of the craft you ordered me to build for the journey to Bolus? . . . is the work to be abandoned?



Meanwhile . . . across the wastes of space . . . it was night time on the moon, Bolus. Two shadowy figures flitted towards the high ramparts of Thulla's city . . .

What's our plan?

Get into the city . . . find a hiding place . . . and then put our minds to the problem of how to destroy that fiendish disintegrator!



They reached the top of the walls unseen . . . and looked down upon Thulla's weapon of destruction.

They're taking no chances . . . the thing is lit and heavily guarded.

A18



Dawn found the two comrades watching from a ruined building across the square.

Look! . . . They're going to operate the disintegrator again!

The demons!



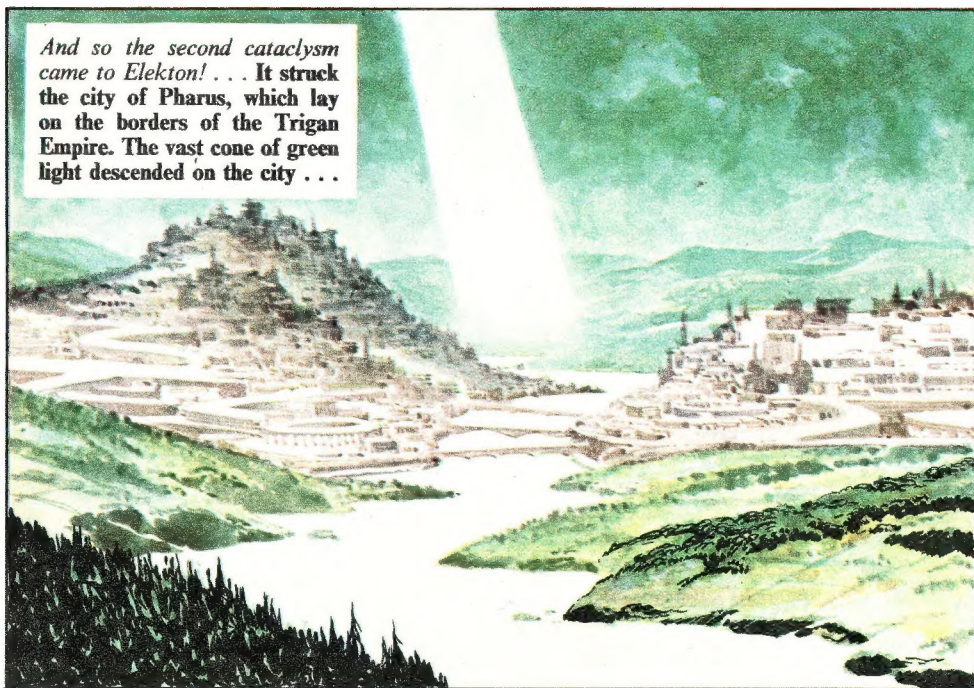
Once again, the face of the great disc was turned towards the Planet Elekton . . . and . . .

. . . The second cataclysm was on its way!

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

The fanatical old scientist, Thulla has declared himself Lord of Life and Death on the Moon, Bolus, and has constructed a fiendish device with which he means to destroy all life on the mother planet Elekton!

And so the second cataclysm came to Elekton! . . . It struck the city of Pharus, which lay on the borders of the Trigan Empire. The vast cone of green light descended on the city . . .



By order of the Emperor, Pharus was deserted, and its inhabitants spread far and wide for safety. A small group of them saw it all from a distant hillcrest . . .

AaaaaaH!
... look!

No! . . . no!



They saw their city disappear in a great circle of blackened ash!



Across the void of airless space, on the Moon Bolus, Thulla received the reports of his lieutenants . . . and rejoiced.

All-Highest! The tests are completed . . . the first and second shock waves reached Elekton, where they have no doubt caused colossal destruction!

Excellent! . . . excellent!



The self-styled Lord of Life and Death pointed . . .

Continue the shock waves day and night . . . till the whole surface of Elekton lies in ashes!

The fateful order was passed to the crew of the disintegrator, and again the green light stabbed up into the sky!



Janno and Keren watched it all from their hiding place . . .

Janno! . . . They're destroying Elekton and everything we hold dear . . . we've got to stop them!

By the stars! . . . I think I know how we can do it!



In a corner of the great square stood the two monstrous figures with which the golden-haired native inhabitants of Bolus had hoped to protect themselves . . . it was towards the abandoned robots that Janno and Keren crept cautiously . . .

But then . . .

Hey! . . .

Satisfying himself that the guard was stunned, Janno led the way up into the interior of the monster robot.

Meanwhile, the fiendish disintegrator was continuing its work of long-range devastation . . .

Quickly! . . . I don't think any of the other brutes spotted us.

... AGAIN!

. . . disaster was averted . . . Janno's flying form brought the guard crashing to the ground!

... it happened!

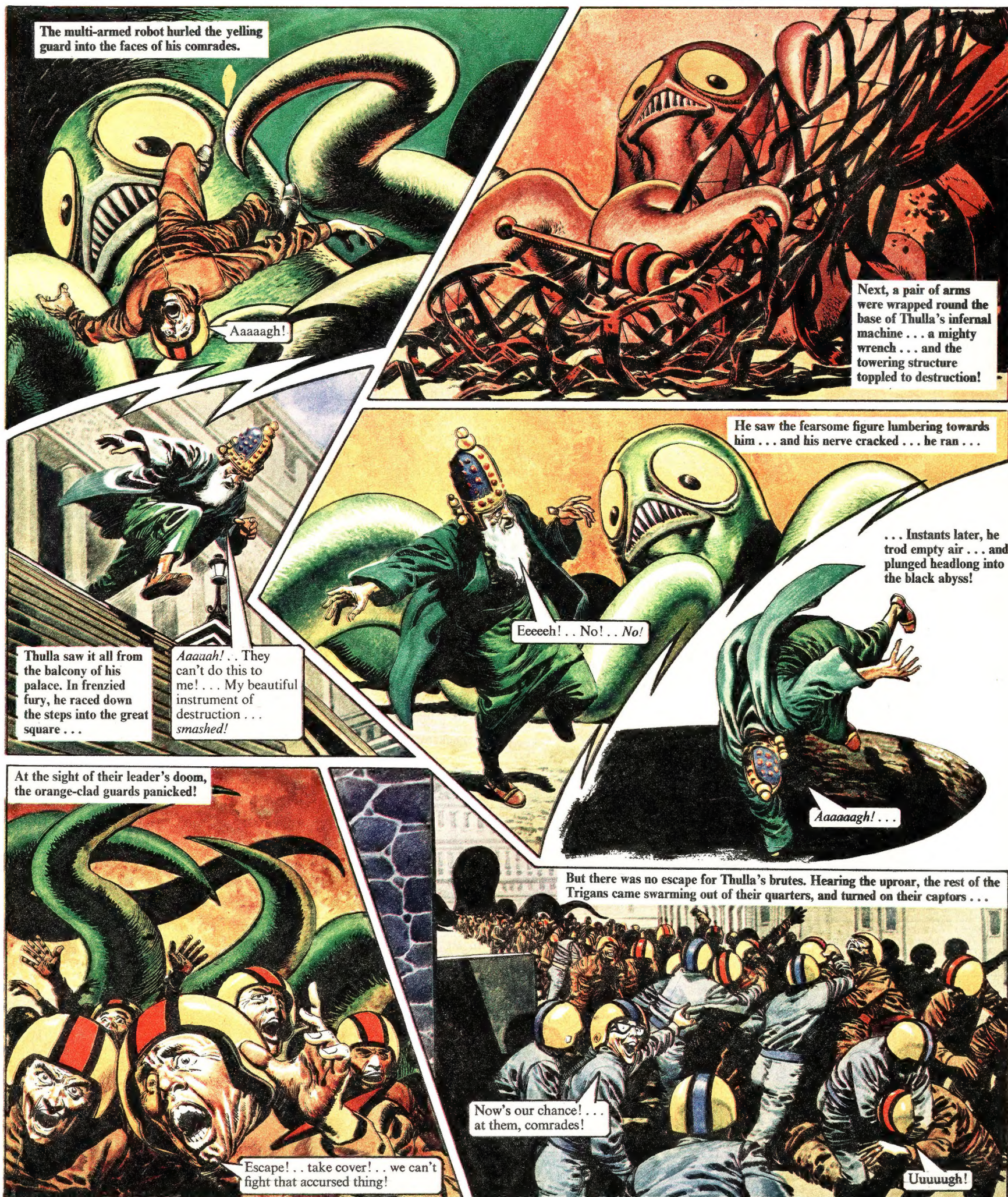
...and then!...

EEEEEEEEH!

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

The fanatical old scientist, Thulla, self-styled Lord of Life and Death on the moon, Bolus, has constructed a fiendish device with which he means to destroy all life on the mother planet Elekton.

But two young officers of the Trigan air fleet—Janno and Keren—plan to destroy the device with a monster robot . . .





Soon it was all over. Janno and Keren were greeted by their comrades . . . and some of the golden-haired natives of the moon, Bolus.

Thulla may still live!

Not so, my friend . . . not so . . .

It descended majestically into the great square on a stabbing tail of flame . . .



But . . . we fell down the pit . . . and lived!

You fell when the tide of the inland lake was at its highest, and survived. At *this* hour, the tide is low . . . and the evil one has indeed fallen to the centre of Bolus!

The doors opened . . . and the Emperor of the Trigans set foot on Bolus!



Uncle Trigo! . . . we might have known you'd find us!

The long months passed . . . and the Trigans laboured with the golden-haired ones to rebuild the city. They became almost happy with their lot. Then . . . one day . . .



Look! . . . look!

By the stars!

Soon, they could return to their beloved Elekton. It was the end of a great adventure.

A NEW STORY OF THE TRIGAN EMPIRE BEGINS NEXT WEEK